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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 9, 1963 25 CENTS

THE TOP 20 TEAMS

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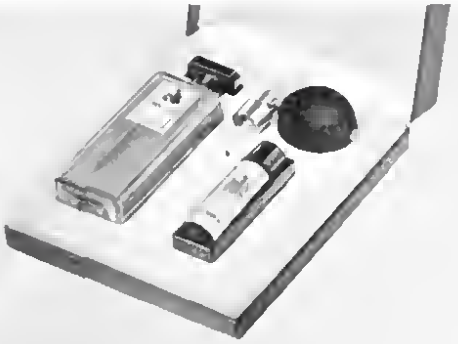

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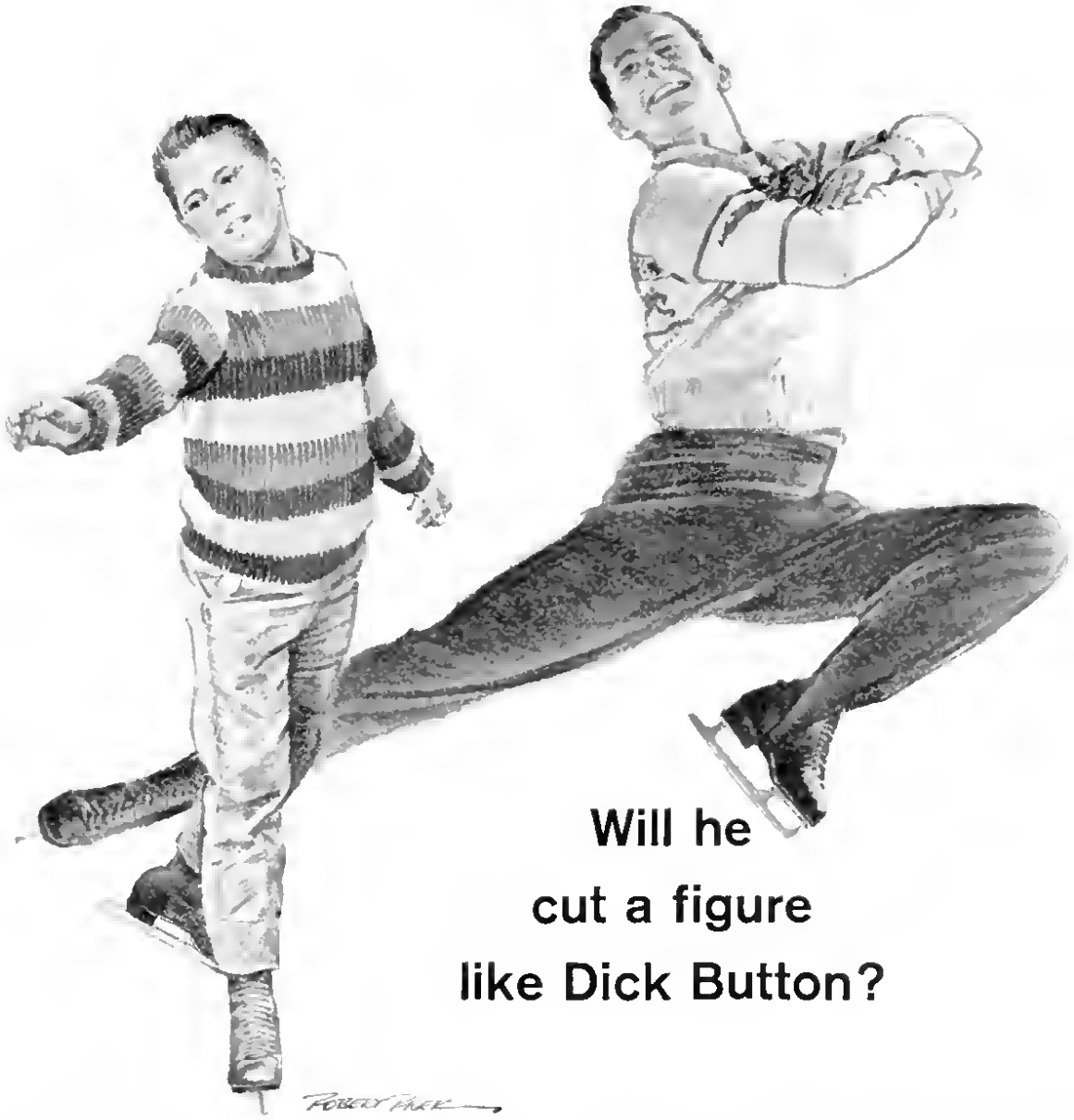

Will he cut a figure like Dick Button?

From a triple-turn leap to a flying sit spin, there has never been a figure skater like Dick Button. At 18, he became the first American ever to win the grand slam of skating—the U.S., North American, World and Olympic titles. Four years later, with another dazzling performance, he did it again.

Not every youngster can be a Dick Button. In fact, very few even participate in organized sporting events, much less become stars. But every young person—if only a spectator—can be as physically fit as the star athlete.

Never before has physical fitness, particularly the fitness of our young people, been more important than it is today. The late President Kennedy stated: "The strength of our democracy is no greater than the collective well-being of our people . . . The level of physical fitness of every American citizen must be our constant concern."

To support the President's program Equitable has prepared a special film: "Youth Physical Fitness—A Report to the Nation." If you would like to borrow a print of this film for showing to community groups, contact your nearest Equitable office or write to Equitable's home office.

For an attractive 7¾ by 11 inch reproduction of this drawing, send your name and address and the words, Dick Button, *to: Equitable, G.P.O. Box 1828, N.Y. 1, N.Y.*

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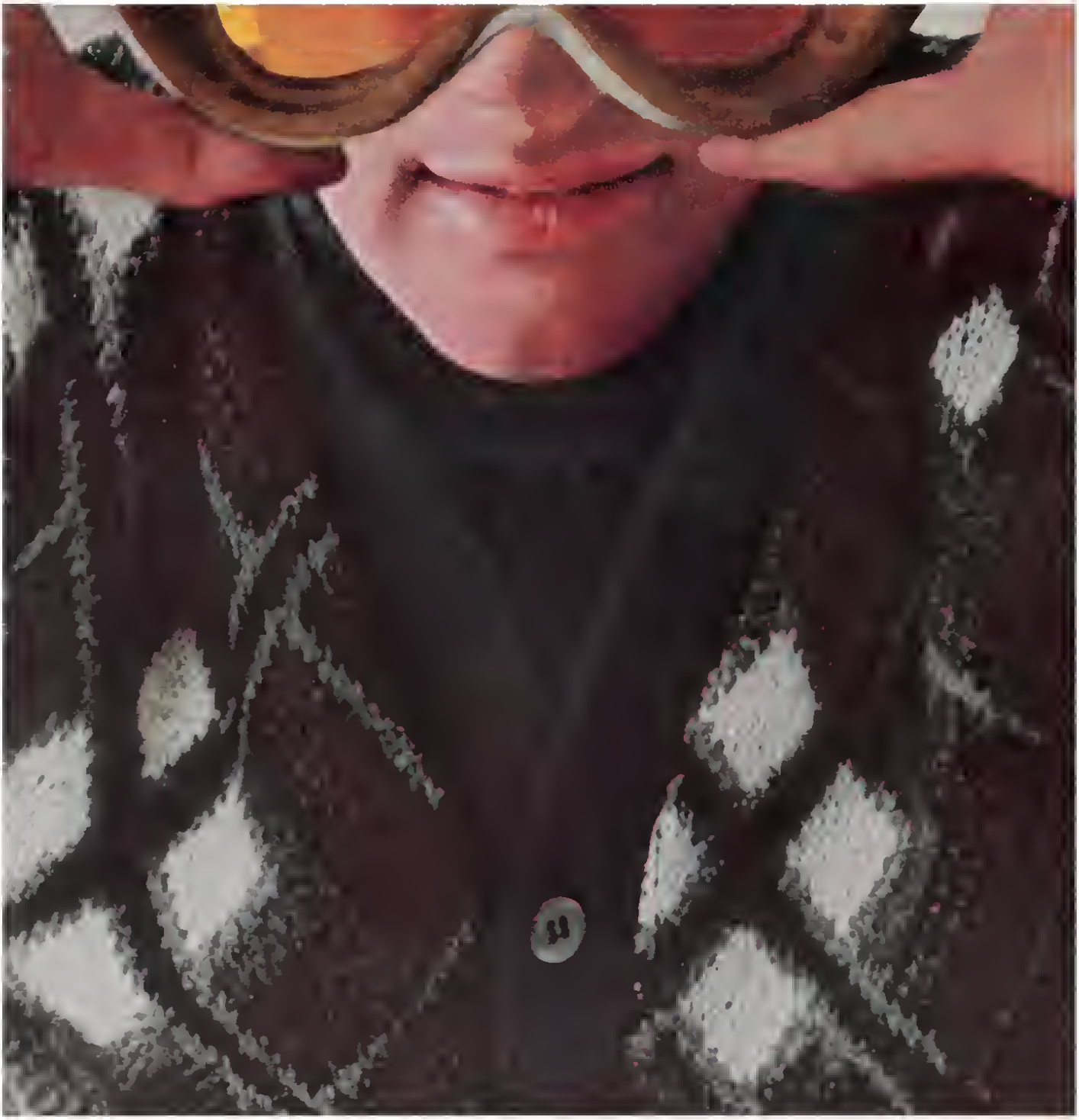
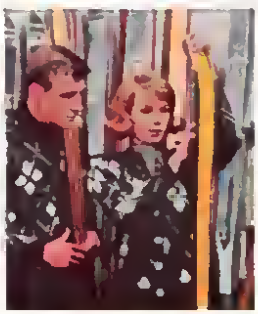


Feels like alpaca. But it washes like Orlon.

Good reason. Arrow has knitted its new alpaca-like ski sweater of 100% brushed Orlon* acrylic. It has the soft alpaca feel. Yet, because it's Orlon, it won't stretch out of fit and can't shrink. In fact, it's completely machine-washable at a moderate temperature. The pattern is an authentic three-tone Argyle, in a choice of four handsome color combinations. Styles include the six-button cardigan (shown), a traditional pullover, a crew-neck classic and a zip cardigan. Pure luxury, no matter which you choose. $12.95—14.95. His companion's matching Arrow Orlon ski sweater, $13.95.

*DUPONT R.T.M



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SHOPWALK

THE SEASON TO BE MERRY

All too often in recent years mechanical toys have tended to mimic atomic weapons or space vehicles. Therefore, it is pleasant to report an innovation—a trend, perhaps—for the 1963 Christmas season. Some of the best games being offered are mechanical miniatures, fully playable, of real-life sports or sporting situations.

One of the most imaginative is Jungle Hunt by Hubley ($18.95). It is primarily a child's game, but a surprising number of adults have been known to enjoy children's games. You probably have seen similar models in penny arcades or amusement halls. In front of you is a small, boxed-in jungle, complete with trees, heavy brush and boulders. In a clearing stands a brave white hunter, rifle in hand. Outside the box and attached to it is what looks like a sawed-off shotgun. When you turn it, the hunter turns. When you pull the trigger, the hunter shoots.

The game runs on batteries. After you start the motor, animals begin appearing, one by one, from behind the bushes—a lion over here, a rhinoceros over there. Turn the hunter toward the visible animal and blast away, but do it quickly. The animals disappear as they came, and unless you hit them (there are no bullets, only a spring that tips them over) they keep reappearing. To further harass you, the animals do not appear in any set order. You cannot study their patterns and lie in ambush. Besides, that would not be sporting.

Snowbound and itching to swing a club, the frustrated golfer may get a few kicks out of Rayline Golf Course ($15), a realistic little game suited to the living room. The course—nine tees, four greens—fits nicely on a card table. The fairways are felt, the greens sponge rubber. Sprinkled casually around are a few spruce trees, three sand traps (with real sand) and a brook (dry). Four plastic players each carry a bag containing a driver, seven-iron, wedge and putter. There are golf balls, naturally, pea-size.

The idea of the game, as in golf itself, is to put the ball in the hole. You take the driver, insert it into the hands of your little player—if you don't like his grip, there's nothing you can do about it—and swing the club by turning a knob attached to his back. Your first few shots probably will scuttle along the ground, but with practice you will be able to loft the little ball over a spruce tree, off the table and into your guest's drink. If you can't seem to get the hang of it, see your pro.

Pro Bowling by Milton Bradley Co. ($13) is an uncomplicated game, the best kind. The lane is three feet long, with gutters on either side. At one end is a pinspotter, nonautomatic. At the other end is a movable plastic bowling man with a triggerlike right arm. Place a bowling ball the size of a marble in a groove beside the man, aim him (and the ball) down the lane, pull back the right arm and release. So the ball goes in the gutter. Try again. Etched on the lane are spots to guide your shot, so you should improve. This is a pleasant little game. Its only drawback is the monotonous spotting of the pins, a reminder of prewar days.

Pegity by Parker Brothers, Inc. ($2) is an old, old game, so easy to understand, so intricate in its strategy. Equipment consists of one square pegging board with 256 holes and a whole bunch of colored pegs—red, blue, green, yellow. Four can play, but two

continued

The reason? More top photographers use Nikon than any other 35, and more of them use the Nikon F than any other 35mm reflex. In photography as in sports, take the lead from the pros. See the Nikon F at your camera dealer, or write for details to Dept. SI-12 NIKON Incorporated, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York 3, New York. Subsidiary of Ehrenreich Photo-Optical Industries, Incorporated

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is better. Take one color, let the opponent have another. Peg in turn, and try to get five of your pegs in an uninterrupted row in any direction on the board.

It isn't easy. You may get three in a row with no trouble, but then your opponent will block (*i.e.*, put his peg) one end. You can then make it four in a row if you want, but he will block the other end and cut off that threat. So you must do it more subtly. Perhaps you can work it so that with one peg you have three in a row going twice, this way and that way. Now your opponent can't block both. As in football, a good offense is the best defense, but watch it. As you peg away with an eye to your own five in a row, the pegs your opponent is using to block you may be forming lines of three or four in a row themselves. You have to be alert.

One last word about Pegity. It also is an interesting game for children too young to understand it. The various pegs, colored brightly, can be arranged in grand designs. Children sick in bed have been known to play with it for as long as five minutes.

Tric-Trac is another old game that requires nothing more than dice, paper and pencil. However A & L Game Co. puts out a handsome mahogany box (Royal Tric-Trac, $12) in which to roll the dice and keep score. You start with nine numbers, one through nine, on the scoreboard and as you roll the dice you try to cover up as many numbers as possible. Low score wins. It works like this: on your first roll you get a five and a three. It is your privilege to cover up your five and three if you wish, or any other eight combination, seven and one, for instance, or even four, three and one. But in Tric-Trac it is wise to eliminate high numbers when you can, so proper strategy with a five and three would be to cross off your eight. Roll again: a 12. Cross off nine and three, though you could take seven and five if you cared to. On your third roll you get another eight. With eight itself already crossed off, take seven and one. Now you have only two, four, five and six remaining. On your fourth roll you get a two and one. That's tough luck. Since three and one are already crossed off, all you can do is eliminate two. Because your one can't play, you are finished. No more rolls. You are left with four, five and six, or a total of 15. Now it is the next player's turn.

In Tric-Trac you roll until you cannot play one (or both) of your dice. Remember that it is not necessary to roll the exact numbers you have left. If you have one, two, three and four remaining, and you roll a double five, that is splendid. Ten eliminates all your numbers (and you get double for that). But if you roll five and six, that's disastrous. You have no five, no six, no combination that makes 11. You're dead. But even so, have a Merry Christmas.

—WALTER BINGHAM

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Next week

A WORLD SERIES of pro football between AFL and NFL champions is bound to come. Tex Maule and Dan Jenkins explore its possibilities and predict its outcome.

MEN BUILT IT and men curse it, but neither angler nor naturalist can long withstand the spell of Carolina's sprawling roughneck of a lake, the bass-infested Santee-Cooper.

A MODERN IGLOO accommodating 14 people in spectacular comfort is described in words and photographs, along with a report on style-setting U.S. Olympic ski uniforms.

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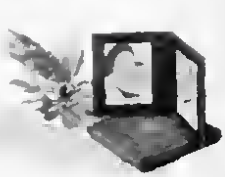

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

The man in the green jersey on this week's cover should be easily recognizable to followers of pro basketball, especially those of Boston. He is, of course, Frank Ramsey, University of Kentucky ('54), nowadays of the Celtics. Some of the Ramsey finesse illustrated on pages 57–63—much of it controversial and candidly admitted by Ramsey for the first time—may be educational even to referees.

The other fellow on the cover, in the white jersey, is our own Frank Deford, Princeton ('62), and his basketball fame is admittedly more local. All-Baltimore schoolboy forward in 1957, Princeton squad as a sophomore. Deford turned in his suit when it became clear to him that he could not successfully divide his time between basketball and the chairmanship of the *Daily Princetonian*. Today he is a not untypical SPORTS ILLUSTRATED staff writer—someone whose playing-field credentials are part of his reporting credentials.

STAFF WRITER DEFORD

When Frank Ramsey agreed to show us his techniques for drawing opposing players into fouls, neither the magazine nor Ramsey could think of a better man to cover the story than 6-foot-4 Frank Deford. "Covering" it also meant playing straight man for Ramsey and the photographer-artist, and being suckered into a succession of pushing fouls, blocking fouls, hacking fouls and similar gaffes that will make Deford, a fastidious type, wince when he sees himself all over again in the illustrations.

Deford and his fellow writers and editors at SPORTS ILLUSTRATED have assembled some 30 additional pages of basketball reporting and forecast in this special issue. Picking the 20 top college teams in the nation, out of the hundreds of college teams playing the game this season (see Scouting Reports, pages 43–54), involved weeks of travel, observation and correspondence with coaches. We gave special weight, in interviews with coaches, to those teams that coaches respect most in their own regions—instead of asking them, as some conventional sports polls and surveys do, to be universally informed about the U.S. scene. Our thanks here to a list of cooperating coaches too long to name.

But four coaches we must name: Jack Gardner of Utah, Tex Winter of Kansas State, Gene Gibson of Texas Tech, Bones McKinney of Wake Forest. These had the rare grace to let our magazine come along on "live" recruiting visits to the homes of some much-sought-after high school stars. *Go Get 'Em, Coaches*, beginning on page 82, can be put down as fresh revelation about people who recruit and people who are recruited.

•

People, indeed, are the most durable subject we know, and PEOPLE is the title of the new department that begins this week on page 64. Our added department will take advantage of an old Time Inc. maxim: names make news. The names in this case will be famous ones of sport found making news outside their natural habitats, or famous folk not ordinarily associated with sport who happen to venture into SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's always magnetic field.

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ARMS AND THE LAW

There are in the U.S. some 35 million persons who own firearms of some kind —rifles, shotguns, handguns and a varied assortment of war souvenirs. Two of these 35 million—two assassins—turned up in Dallas a fortnight ago and shocked the world. Result: further impetus for the long crusade to register all firearms, including hunting rifles and shotguns, with state and federal authorities.

Many who oppose firearms ownership altogether, and some who desire arms registration, are afraid of guns, do not understand them and therefore are antagonistic to them. It is these, in the main, who would make it as cumbersome as possible for Americans to own and use guns, even for recreational hunting and target shooting.

The contention that mandatory registration of firearms would prevent such tragic crimes as the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, and the subsequent murder of Lee Harvey Oswald, is ludicrous. Even the most stringent laws, such as New York's Sullivan Act, cannot prevent criminals, fanatics and lunatics from obtaining guns illegally. Rather, the effect is to disarm the law-abiding, while muggers run free.

LATTER-DAY ALBIE

When a football coach assays a player candidate, he looks first for size, next for quality. When Coach Dick Tucker of Orange Coast (junior) College of Costa Mesa, Calif. saw Billy White, 5 feet 4 inches and weighing, with a belly full of water, 134 pounds, he was stunned. "If I hadn't known him by reputation," says Tucker, "I'd have sent him home. But we didn't have anyone else who could play quarterback, so I didn't figure I had anything to lose."

He had a Junior Rose Bowl engagement to gain, it turned out. Orange Coast meets Northeastern Oklahoma A&M in the JRB December 14 before some 70,000 stadium spectators and a nationwide television audience. This is thanks, in great part, to Quarterback White, who led Orange Coast to a 9–1 record last year and a 9–0 record this year. He completed 67 of 109 passes, with but one intereception. Against Riverside he completed 12 of 15 passes and 15 of 18 against Fullerton. Too short to throw out of the pocket, he must make all his passes come off the roll.

Remember Yale's great Albie Booth? Albie was 10 pounds heavier and two inches taller than Billy.

THE PIONEERING BROWNS

During their long and usually undistinguished career, the St. Louis Browns were more often noted for their exercises in futility than for being first in anything. But now historians have learned that the Browns were the first baseball team to use commercial air transport.

Digging up data for the forthcoming 50th anniversary of commercial air travel, Mrs. Gay White of St. Petersburg, Fla. discovered that in January 1914 the St. Petersburg-Tampa Airboat Line was the first airline to fly regularly scheduled flights. With two flying boats in its fleet, the line operated across Tampa Bay. And in spring training that year the Browns used the line to fly to an exhibition game. The team had to fly in relays because the planes could accommodate only three or four passengers.

Thirty years later the Browns won their first and only pennant, but history had already claimed a spot for them.

SEEDS OF DISCONTENT

The International Ski Federation last week announced the men's seedings for the 1964 racing season, including the Olympics. Not one American made the first 10—a severe blow to our chances of winning a gold medal at Innsbruck, and completely unrealistic. At the world championships in Chamonix in 1962 the U.S. team demonstrated that it could compete with Europe's best, finishing a close third behind Austria and France. Its members are now vastly improved.

The seedings smack of chicanery designed only to protect European domination of Alpine skiing. The men of the Alps were arbitrarily given the first and best starting positions, while U.S. competitors must start far back and face the handicap of skiing over a chopped-up course.

Example: a veteran like Buddy Werner, who has been winning international races since 1954, was seeded 22nd in the giant slalom, 12th in the downhill (highest U.S. seed) and 21st in the slalom (top American seed in this event). And Buddy, compared to the rest of the team, is in a good position. Billy Kidd, whom European racers more than respect, is not even listed in the top 50, though he finished eighth in the slalom at the world championships and was fourth in two other major European races that year. Other members of the men's team fare no better.

"Last year," said U.S. Coach Bob Beattie, "our men established themselves as the third-best world skiers and we expect the FIS to adjust the seedings so as to fairly reflect this position."

BEAUTY AT THE BAT

When Charles Finley, owner of the Kansas City Athletics, dressed his players in gold and green uniforms last season it was observed that he had the best-dressed, if not the best, team in baseball.

Now it appears he may be out to have the handsomest. He traded Jerry Lumpe to get Rocky Colavito, then swapped Norm Siebern for Jim Gentile. Lumpe can make the pivot and Siebern hits for an average average but neither was ever considered an ideal candidate to pose for a greasy-kid-stuff ad. On the other hand, Gentile and Colavito are the stuff of which matinee idols are made. As Gentile unblushingly observed: "The A's

continued

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Modified Am. Plan (includes breakfast, dinner). For pictorial folder, contact Henry B. Williams, V.P., Gen. Manager.

ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL • PHOENIX, ARIZ.

will have the three handsomest Italians in the American League—me and Colavito and Gino Cimoli." The A's may not play better baseball, but ladies' day attendance should pick up.

THE MARINES LAND AGAIN

With good reason, Britons consider Rugby one of those deep mysteries of British life that foreigners can scarcely hope to penetrate. It is not just a game but an ambience of club ties, ribald songs and bonhomie. Pete Dawkins' success playing for Oxford was put down to sheer genius on his part and, in some degree, to a background in American football. Now a team of U.S. marines is midway through its sixth season and has been winning almost all its matches against sound British teams. In England this is regarded with awe—the sort of awe we might feel if Hermione Gingold won the Miss America contest.

The marines, stationed in London as a security force for the U.S. Navy command, took up Rugby in 1958 at the behest of a British enthusiast. They learned the game from a book, at first, then got an occasional assist from an English expert. Their early play was as expected, but they improved. This year they have won 13 of 15 matches—beating such creditable teams as Central YMCA, British Broadcasting Corporation and the British Royal Marines at Deal.

The marines have evolved their own wide-open style of play, more Gallic than British. Instead of keeping the ball confined to the pack, the American forwards get the ball out to their backs as fast as possible. There the team has some good fast men who take most opposition backfields by surprise with their speed and long, typically American passes.

"A few teams reckon they are in for an easy match when they meet us," says Captain Robert Morton, commanding officer and also captain of the team. "We've heard them say they'd better let us score to keep us happy. This year they're thinking again."

DESERT FISH STORY

In a particularly arid spot in Mackenzie State Park in Lubbock, Texas, it is not unusual to see men equipped with rod and reel casting like fishermen. They are not fishermen. They are prairie doggermen.

Lubbock has the only formally preserved prairie dog city (population 3,000)

continued

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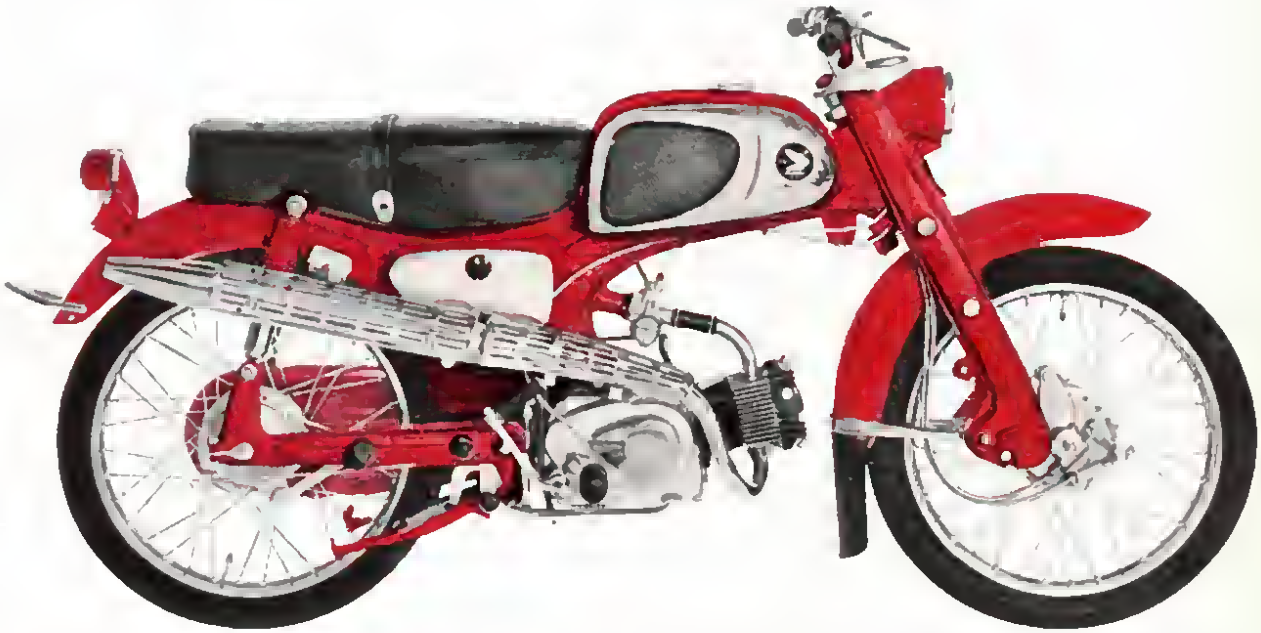

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in the U.S. (SI, June 2, 1958), and the city is a principal source of supply for zoos. When an order comes in from a zoo the park department sends employees out to fish for the rodents. The fishing is done with weighted lines baited with carrots or lettuce. When a prairie dog nibbles at the bait, he is caught, sometimes, by a jerk of the line that throws a loop around his legs.

Having him on the line does not necessarily mean that the prairie dog is in the creel. If he decides to fight, the little animal, only about 14 inches high, can sever a 20-pound-test line by biting it, generally. And if he gets enough slack to scramble into a burrow, the thing to do is to cut your line. He will brace his legs against the sides and cannot be hauled out without serious injury.

Only park officers are permitted to fish for prairie dogs, which are rigidly protected. An unauthorized fisherman would be fined $100 or more. So, while it sounds like fun, forget it.

LURES FOR ROOKIES

Pro football's National Football League and American Football League are sporting rivals who never meet, although that will change when the inevitable world series of pro football is played. They do compete now, nevertheless. They compete for talent. Every fall the NFL publishes and distributes some 10,000 copies of handsomely turned out booklets clearly intended to recruit college players. The AFL publishes 3,500.

The NFL booklet leans heavily on two arguments. The first is an assortment of success stories—"Springboard to Success"—about former players who have made their NFL in life. Among them: Byron (Whizzer) White, once of the Pittsburgh Steelers and Detroit Lions, now of the Supreme Court of the United States; Hugh Gallarneau, for a while the Chicago Bears' scoring champion (28 touchdowns in five seasons), now executive vice-president of Society Brand Clothes; Marshall Goldberg, 10-year man with the Chicago Cardinals, now general manager of the Emerman Machinery Corporation; and so on. Second big argument: under the NFL Player Benefit Plan a five-year veteran may expect $437 a month, starting at age 65, and as much as $821 monthly for 15 years of service.

The AFL, formed in 1959, is at a disadvantage, naturally, but it does promise

continued

News for twos who hate crowds

Below: Skylark 2-door coupe. Also see: Skylark convertible and 4-door sedan from Buick Motor Division

escape . . . Skylark-style!

It's so easy. You're an escape artist the second you start your sleek new 1964 Buick Skylark. New 4-barrel carb V-8* has more power-per-pound than any other conventional production-car engine around. New Super Turbine 300 water-cooled transmission* helps give 21% more thrust. (Even has a built-in barometer to improve performance on mountain roads!) Inside Skylark, everything is posh and peaceful (outside noise stays outside). All this, and a price that's right down with low price names. And . .

*Optional at extra cost.

above all, it's a BUICK!

This year buy him a beer

Michelob is an unhackneyed gift for any male on your list, whether beer drinker or bottle fancier. It's the one beer you can give with aplomb because it holds its own anywhere . . . in any mixed company. As for the bottle, it's a classic (needless to say, *not* a "holiday" bottle). Ideal for collectors (no deposit, no return). Should you decide to give more than one, Michelob is available in tastefully cased matched sets of twenty-four bottles.

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to search out means to get the player "onto a broader financial basis during the off season." "Through a large fund of business contacts," says Joe Foss, commissioner, "our team executives try to establish him in a job that fits his aptitude, thus preparing him for the inevitable day when the game and the career don't mix."

There are even statements by rejected AFL candidates about how nicely they were fired. And the AFL frankly acknowledges that sometimes recruiters (of both leagues) promise a draft choice one post, only to have his team assign him to another. "A fine guard was lost to one team because a rival promised he would be a regular offensive guard his first year. Several years later he was still getting into the game only on the specialty kickoff and punting units."

The AFL argument we like best is that it is a "warm weather league." "There has never been an AFL game played on frozen ground," says the AFL.

CANADIAN CAPER

The Kentucky Derby is six months away. It would take a shrewd handicapper to pick its winner from today's 2-year-olds —but there is a Canadian champion, Northern Dancer, who has won seven of his nine races and come second twice. He runs well on any kind of track at a variety of distances and was ridden by four different jockeys. His breeding is glamorous: by Nearctic out of a Native Dancer mare, Natalma.

Northern Dancer's owner and trainer, E. P. Taylor and Horatio Luro, respectively, saddled Victoria Park, also from Canada, and took third place in the 1960 Derby. Luro brings his horses along carefully and slowly. He did that and won the 1962 Derby with Decidedly. He plans to rest Northern Dancer until the spring classics. Watch out.

THEY SAID IT

• President Lyndon B. Johnson: "We must constantly be vigilant and on the alert to keep our air clean, to keep our water pure, to keep our forests green, to keep our birdlife abundant and our wildlife plentiful or else we will lose a vital essential of what we love to call America."

• Mrs. Lennie Dawson, wife of Kansas City Chiefs' quarterback, on how she feels when she hears fans boo her husband: "Sometimes I feel like booing him myself."

END

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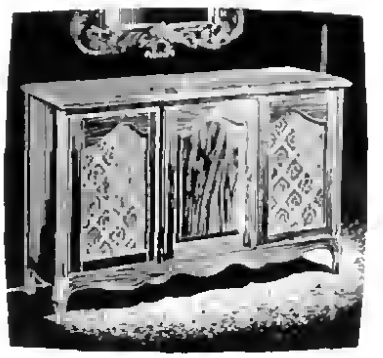

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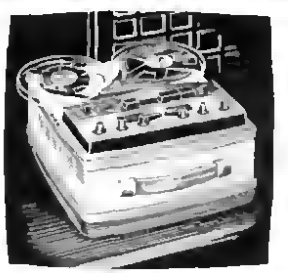

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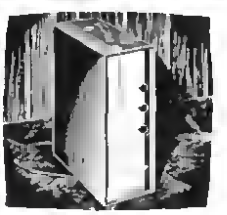

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Sports Illustrated
DECEMBER 9, 1963

TWO TIED AT

The Cleveland Browns, now playing with the élan and confidence that marked them during the first half of the season, and the New York Giants, playing with the poise that allows them to accept adversity without panic, could be headed for a playoff for the Eastern Conference Championship of the National Football League.

Last week the Browns, behind an assured, calculating Frank Ryan, soundly whipped the St. Louis Cardinals in St. Louis, 24–10. The Giants, choked in the first half by a Dallas Cowboy team that

WALTER IOOSS JR.

THE TOP

High strategy won a big one for the Cleveland Browns over the St. Louis Cardinals, but the New York Giants had to rally to maintain pro football's desperate race in the East **by TEX MAULE**

is beginning to play up to its potential, nevertheless pulled out a 34–27 victory in the last quarter.

This leaves New York and Cleveland tied at the top, with 9–3 records. A step behind is St. Louis, 8–4; a half game further back are the Pittsburgh Steelers (6–3–3), following Sunday's tie with the Philadelphia Eagles.

Despite their loss, the Cardinals are not out of the running, both New York and Cleveland face difficult opponents in the final two games of the season. The Browns meet the Detroit Lions in Detroit next Sunday, and the Lions, after a long siege of injuries, have begun to come back, as they proved in tying Green Bay on Thanksgiving Day. The Giants, whipped 31–0 by Pittsburgh earlier in the year, must meet the Steelers again in Yankee Stadium in the final game of the

continued

Cool Frank Ryan, solidly planted in the pocket, cocks his arm gracefully as he ignores rushers, seeks target for one of his long passes

season. The Washington Redskins are the common opponent of the two teams. The Cardinals, on the other hand, play lower-ranking Philadelphia and Dallas, both in St. Louis.

During the week before this game, Mathematician Frank Ryan, asked by a Cleveland sportswriter to figure out how many possibilities existed in standings and finishing percentages for the four teams then in contention in the East, went to his slide rule and came up with 7,624. The events of the weekend did not, apparently, reduce his estimate much.

The Cleveland victory last Sunday was a carefully wrought one, based on a daring strategy beautifully executed by Quarterback Ryan. In the first Cleveland-St. Louis game on November 17, Ryan sat on the bench and watched the Cardinals put a strenuous rush on his replacement, Jim Ninowski. Sensing the rhythm of the Cleveland signal caller, the Cardinals would sometimes send a safety in on a blitz, giving him a running start and giving Ninowski a fit.

"In that first game, we would come out and the offensive line would stand up with their hands on their knees until the quarterback called the set," Ryan explained after the Sunday success. "Then Jim would start the countdown, and their defense could time it easily. Today we came out of the huddle fast and the line was down on three points at once, and we went often on a quick count. It messed up their blitzing and gave me more time to pass."

It also caught the Cardinals blitzing once when Cleveland was deep in trouble with a third down and long yardage on its own three-yard line. Ryan called a draw play to Jim Brown, who sped by the blitzing Cardinal linebackers and rumbled 61 yards before he was knocked out of bounds on the St. Louis 36-yard line.

"You can't throw long from down there," Ryan said. "You have two choices. You can throw short and hope the receiver will turn it into a long gain. Or you can give the ball to the best runner in football. I gave it to Brown."

Brown, incidentally, broke his own record for yardage gained in a season on this run. For the afternoon he gained a total of 179 yards on 29 carries, bringing his total for the year up to 1,677 yards, 150 yards more than his old record of 1,527.

As impressive as were Brown's statistics, Ryan's passing had more to do with the sting of the Cleveland attack. Ryan passed sparingly. He threw only 18 times, but completed 10 and gained 210 yards, throwing long most of the time and setting up almost all of Cleveland's touchdowns through the air.

The Cleveland attack was predicated on a careful analysis of the St. Louis defense, both in its technique and in its personnel. The first Cleveland touchdown, for instance, on a pass to Spread End Rich Kreitling, came as a direct result of Ryan's sure knowledge of the habits of the St. Louis weak-side safety, Larry Wilson.

"We had that one set up for a long time," the quarterback said later. "It was third and long yardage, and we knew that Wilson plays it very tight in a control situation. When he thinks you are going to be shooting for the first down with a short pass, he comes up hard. You remember, he picked one off on Tittle in New York playing that way. The Giants had something like third and eight, and Tittle had been picking it up with a hook to Shofner, and this time Wilson laid for the hook and intercepted. We figured he would try the same thing against us, since the situation was just about the same. So Kreitling faked the hook, and when Wilson came up hard Kreitling broke behind him, and was wide open when I threw to him." The pass was good for 23 yards and the first Cleveland touchdown.

The Browns also took advantage of young Pat Fischer, a 23-year-old corner back in his third pro season. "He's very fast and very quick, and no one has better reactions," Ryan said. "He's a fine football player. But he has a tendency to overplay sometimes, depending on his quickness and speed. If you can move counter to the flow on him, you can beat him. So we did that."

Fischer's weakness was used to set up the second Cleveland touchdown. Tom Hutchinson, a rookie offensive end with good speed, was in for the Browns. He ran a post pattern—cutting toward the sideline, then breaking back toward the goal post. When he broke, the overcommitted Fischer could not recover quickly enough to catch him. Ryan's long pass traveled some 50 yards in the air before it intersected Hutchinson's path on the St. Louis 15. Hutchinson went on for seven yards to the St. Louis eight-yard line before the frantically pursuing Fischer could haul him down.

From that point, Ryan used the rather simple but sound strategy of giving the ball to Jim Brown on three successive plays, and Brown scored from the one on the third try.

Fischer was replaced by Bill Stacy in the second half, but by that time the damage was done. Ryan had picked on Fischer again late in the second quarter, this time throwing for 33 yards to Gary Collins down to the St. Louis 34-yard line. Later in this drive, he hit Collins behind Fischer for 13 more yards and a first down on the Cardinal three, whence Brown went in again. It was a sad afternoon for young Fischer.

In the second half, Stacy had better luck containing the Cleveland long-passing attack, but then the Brown defense went to work. Coach Blanton Collier had made changes here, too, since the first St. Louis game. Some of them were small and technical. He altered the stance of one of his defensive tackles, Frank Parker, who had been victimized in the first game. Parker had had a bad habit of crouching at the line of scrimmage with both hands on the ground, limiting both his mobility and his field of vision. Collier persuaded him to crouch with only one hand on the ground, setting up in a more nearly erect position, freeing himself to move quickly in either direction and getting his head up so that he could follow the ball. Parker was a big factor in smothering the St. Louis ground game much of the afternoon. Bob Gain, the massive Brown tackle, had played with a hampering injury in the first St. Louis game, but last Sunday he was completely well and demonstrated that fact.

Although the Brown defensive linemen did not seem to be reaching Charley Johnson, the St. Louis quarterback, very quickly, they still managed to throw him for 39 yards in his pass attempts. Their pressure was sure and hard, but it was the close coverage of Cardinal receivers by the Brown secondary that forced Johnson to hold the ball long enough for the line to drop him.

The Browns do not play an aggressive defense. That is to say, they do not often send their linebackers in on blitzes. Collier's philosophy of defense is one of containment, and his linebackers normally have pass defense responsibilities. He demands a great deal of linebackers,

and he got a great deal from them on this Sunday.

"I like the linebackers to drop back from the line of scrimmage and help the four deep men," Collier explained, "but when you do that, you leave yourself open for screens, flares and backs rolling off to one side or the other. So I want the linebackers to drop back, but always to be aware of the flare or the screen or the roll-off. In the first St. Louis game they dropped back, but we got hurt on the flares. They did both jobs today."

The return to form of Ryan—and he seemed even better in this game than he had early in the season, when he led the Browns to six straight victories—indicates that Cleveland will be able to move the ball strongly, even against so formidable a defense as that of the Detroit Lions.

"I had forgotten to do the things I know I should do," Ryan said after the game. "I was sloppy. I wasn't setting up properly. I was sloppy a couple of times out there today, but not nearly as much as I have been." He grinned happily, looking a little like a muscular Jimmy Stewart.

"Of course, I had had a chance to watch this St. Louis club from up close," he said. "I was spectator for the whole first game with them. I had the best seat in the house, right on the bench. I like the viewpoint I had for this game much better."

Ryan's recovery from the confidence-shattering experience he had against the Giants in Cleveland several weeks ago (the Browns lost 33-6) has been a slow one, but Sunday it appeared that his convalescence is over. His calls against the St. Louis defense were sound, with enough gambling mixed in to keep the Cardinal defenders off balance all afternoon. One symptom of shock after the Giant walloping was a super-conservative attitude which he had a hard time shaking. That is gone now.

If the Browns and the Giants meet in a playoff for the conference title at season's end, the Giants may be the ones to get the shock. This is not the same Frank Ryan they harried into complete uselessness at mid-season, and it is not the same Brown team, either. **END**

Jim Brown, clamped in octopuslike grip of three tacklers, falls just short of the goal line.

I WON $100,000 AND A PAIR

OF MOLDY SALMON

by JACK NICKLAUS

Last week the 1963 pro golf tour ended and its youthful Masters and PGA Champion began a vacation in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Relaxed and happy as he fished, from his own 28-foot cruiser a mile off the Florida coast, Jack Nicklaus discussed with Gwilym Brown the pleasures and the pains of his unusual—and rewarding—year.

They say golf is a game of consistency, that steadiness pays off. I don't doubt it, but two weeks ago at the Cajun Classic in Lafayette, La., 1963 became a $100,000 year for me, and now that I have a chance to look back I can tell you one thing right off: this was not my year to be consistent, it was my year to be lucky.

I have now completed two years on the pro tour. They have been successful beyond any expectations I might reasonably have had, yet no two good years in a golfer's life could have been less alike. In 1962 I won the U.S. Open and played so steadily that I was in the money in each of the 26 tournaments I entered. In 1963, by contrast, it seemed I was always either poor or spectacular. I was extremely fortunate that most of the ups came in the right places. I missed the cut four times, including the U.S. Open, but I won the Masters and the PGA.

This weird year really began with my three-putting the final hole from 25 feet—on national television, no less—to blow the Crosby. Then I came down with a sore hip and could not qualify for the last 36 holes at either the San Francisco or Tucson opens. I managed to recover my game and win the Masters and the Tournament of Champions, but lost it again just in time to miss the cut at the Open. After throwing away the British Open with bogeys on the last two holes, I came home the following week and won the PGA Championship. All of which adds up to a pretty exciting, and pretty erratic, performance. Part of my trouble was that during the first half of the year, except at the Masters, I was not really hitting the ball particularly well and throughout both halves of the year I could never tell whether my putting on any given day was going to be good or just plain awful.

Somehow, when the year had ended, I was able to count up five tournament titles, victories at the World Series of Golf in Akron and the Canada Cup in Paris and the $100,000 in official prize money. Even reaching this nice, round figure—and I'll admit I really wanted to once I saw I had a chance—involved quite a bit of luck at the very end. If Dave Marr had made a five-foot putt for a birdie on the last hole of the Cajun Classic, I would have finished in a three-way tie for fifth—instead of a two-way tie—and fallen short of the mark by $10.

While I felt a certain amount of satisfaction in

continued on page 80

JAMES DRAKE

BUMPY JOURNEY TO OBLIVION

In a void of cheers a Princeton 150-pound footballer writes of a small, bruising world filled with dedication, perspiration—and the ever-present menace of the boiler room routine

by SCARFF DOWNING

It's a long way across the Princeton campus to the field house, especially on Friday. Somehow, the day before a game, everything seems a little different. Same old concrete stairs, same old orange walls and same old black scale in the corner by the shower room. I guess it's what's in the air that's different. Someone yells.

"Hey, fat man, how's the weight?" It's Artie Hanes, no skinny rail himself.

"Don't know yet, butterball. But I haven't eaten since last night, so it shouldn't be too bad." I strip quickly and get on the scale.

"And I thought I had problems," says Artie.

My weight is 159. To play lightweight football you have to be under 154 pounds on the day before the game. That's today.

"No sweat, I was 164 yesterday," I say.

"Man, you better do some sweating or you can forget about playing against Rutgers tomorrow."

He's right. I go to the equipment room for some sweat clothes. The pants are a foot too long and the shirt is too big, but along with my own rubber sweat suit they should do the trick. It's a good thing that it's hot out, though. I hope I can lose the five pounds during practice. Otherwise it means the boiler room.

In the dressing room players are picking up their game jerseys and pants, which are spread around on the bench.

"Look out, Rutgers," Artie says, "these are our undefeated jerseys. We've never lost a game in these blacks yet." I guess this is mostly for the benefit of the new guys on the team. He doesn't mention that they weren't issued until after our two losses last year.

I find my uniform with no trouble. No pads today, so the game pants and jersey go over my two layers of sweats as a final insulation. Have to keep the heat in to sweat a lot. We're supposed to see the movies of last year's game with Rutgers, but I decide I better go out to practice while it's still warm. I'll see the pictures later.

We aren't playing our game on the practice field. We get a different field for the game. The old field is used as a parking lot for the varsity games on weekends and all during the week the ROTC units march on it. By the time we use it for practice the field has more dust than Death Valley.

Terry DeLong, our right guard, and I are the first to inspect the new field. We decide that it's not great but it's better than the old field. It's all relative. The game field is right next to the jayvee field. Next to that is the freshman field. We all have home games tomorrow at overlapping times. I wonder if the whistles from the other games will affect us. Terry comments that if there are many penalties in the three games, it will look like the Fourth of July with the flags flying.

Terry is the perfect example of a lightweight football player. He was a halfback in high school and received mention on several all-state teams. When he came to Princeton he found, as many do, that he didn't have the size for college ball at the varsity level. Instead of quitting, he came to play for the 150s and switched to guard. Last year he was all-league at that position. We kid him about being an All-America since, being the only 150-pound league in the country, all-league is the same as being All-America.

"Some All-America," he answers. "I don't have enough newspaper clippings to gift-wrap a fountain pen."

Playing lightweight football is a new sensation for a lot of people. It is quite an enjoyable feeling for a 150-pound halfback to find himself suddenly able to run roughshod over a tackle who is no bigger than he is. At the same time, the 150-pound tackle can relish smashing heads with that ballcarrying blur who —he knows—cannot outweigh him. It is a pleasant experience for a small man to be able to go into a game not having to wonder if there will be enough of him left afterward to carry off on a stretcher.

Coach Dick Vaughn calls us together and we begin last-minute preparations for Rutgers. It's too late for new stuff today, so we polish up the old. First we work on our punt runback. Then we go over our own punt formation. We hope we won't have to punt ourselves, but we practice it anyway.

"Hey, coach," I say, "you want me to center for the punts?"

I've only been a center for one game. Before that I was a fullback. Then our center got married and quit and the shake-up was on.

"Hell, no. You stay out of there on punts. I don't trust you. You center long like a scatter gun."

While they're working on punts, I do some sprints to keep sweating. It's great to run without pads or a helmet on. After being weighted down all week, I feel as fast as a deer. Approximately. I challenge a halfback to a race. What a mistake. He smiles and beats me by 10 yards in a hundred-yard dash.

continued

ASSISTANT COACH RECORDS FATEFUL MOMENT AT WHICH DOWNING MAKES 154-POUND LIMIT WHILE HIS TEAMMATES AWAIT THEIR TURNS

"You better stick to centering," he mocks.

"See if I'll block for you tomorrow," I tell him.

The practice changes from punts to kickoffs. I'm in on the kickoffs, so I hustle over. We haven't gone over kickoffs since last week, so we spend some time on them now.

I'm on the receiving team. Because we don't have pads on, we're only supposed to grab the man coming down under the kick instead of blocking him. I get a fired-up sophomore who probably won't play in the game. He makes me look bad by pulling away from me and getting to the ballcarrier. He's a real "Friday" ballplayer. The next time I make sure he knows that he's been grabbed. He gets up mumbling something about "not supposed to downfield block" but I pretend not to hear him.

"O.K., that's it," the coach shouts. "Each team run signal drills around the field. And don't come in until you've circled the field five times."

I am the first one undressed for weigh-in. Well, I am the first undressed but not the first to weigh in. A couple of the lighter guys get on the scale ahead of me without taking their uniforms off.

"Show-offs!"

"Common, fat man, let's see you make it."

I step on the scale as lightly as possible. The needle swings past the 154 mark but then settles down at 153½. I stand there admiring it

"How about that?" I say. "What perfect weight control."

"If you stand there any longer the needle's going to go up."

I give my jersey number to Mickey Vogt, the assistant coach, and he checks me off as having made weight. In our league we run weigh-ins strictly on an honor system. The first thing I do after making weight is take a drink—a long drink. Then Artie and I start talking about weigh-ins.

"Chip and Alan didn't make it the first time around," he says.

"How much did they miss it by?"

"One-sixth of a pound for Chip and nearly two pounds for Alan."

"Alan better hustle down to the boiler room," I said. "This is the best weigh-in I've had yet. Timed it perfectly today. Last week for Columbia I went all the way down to 151."

"You know it would be really lousy to find that after all the trouble we go through making weight the other teams don't even bother."

"I guess we can't know for sure But I heard that Navy weighs in on Wednesday. They can get pretty big in those extra two days."

"Yes, and I heard that Penn doesn't bother to make weight after the first game. We play them last this year, so they ought to be really big."

We continue telling each other the rumors that we've heard a hundred times.

"When I was a freshman I heard a senior say that he saw a guy from Cornell get on the scale the day of a game and he weighed 165. 'Hell, man,' he said, 'I've *lost* five pounds!' "

"Maybe so, but I'll bet that they say the same thing about us."

Dinner is an orgy Well, relatively speaking. Actually, my stomach has shrunk so much from lack of food that even now, when I want to eat a lot, I can't. Since yesterday all I've eaten is an apple and a candy bar. I get to eat my first bread and potatoes since last Friday. And I don't have to give my apple pie away to one of those lightweight vultures who doesn't have a weight problem.

At 7:30 we have a team meeting. Jim Leach, the captain of the team, starts off. He will miss tomorrow's game because of an injured knee.

"The purpose of this meeting isn't any new strategy," he explains. "It's just to keep your minds on the game Rutgers is going to be out there tomorrow trying to break every bone in your body. The only way we're going to win is by doing it to them first."

We only meet for half an hour, but it probably does us more good than a week's practice. We come away assured of one thing: we all want to beat Rutgers badly.

At the library I can't concentrate. Pregame tension hits me. I go to bed early but lie awake for hours. I keep seeing Rutgers' center staring at me from behind his face mask. "Hey, boy, I'm going to break every bone in your body."

We'll see.

The sound of the alarm brings me stumbling out of the unconsciousness of sleep. Breakfast is in half an hour. I dress and walk to the dining hall. The day will be beautiful. There is a morning mist which partially hides the gay fall colors, but the sun will soon melt it away.

Alan Gray, a sophomore end, is sitting across from me. "You guys beat Navy last year, didn't you?" he asks.

"Yes, and was that ever an upset. The funny part was that we played in their own varsity stadium. Great big place, seemed like there was room for 60,000 people, but there weren't more than 50 there. They were using the PA system to keep the fans informed and it echoed like crazy. One time I made a tackle and I was still getting credit for it a few plays later."

Rutgers arrives. They are dressing in the room right next to ours. There is a stir in the hall and they begin to file by our open door. Those guys are 150s? Couldn't be. It happens every time The other team looks like it has an abundance of 200-pounders. I wonder if we look as big to them.

Everyone is dressed and sitting around on the floor and benches. Waiting. Judd Timm, assistant coach, begins to give last-minute instructions. Things we already know, but it's good to go over them once more. I sit wrapping my hands with tape as I listen. Every finger gets attention. Really, it doesn't serve any purpose. It's a nervous habit. I get so much tape on my hands by game time that it annoys me and I take it all off. Right now it's something to do.

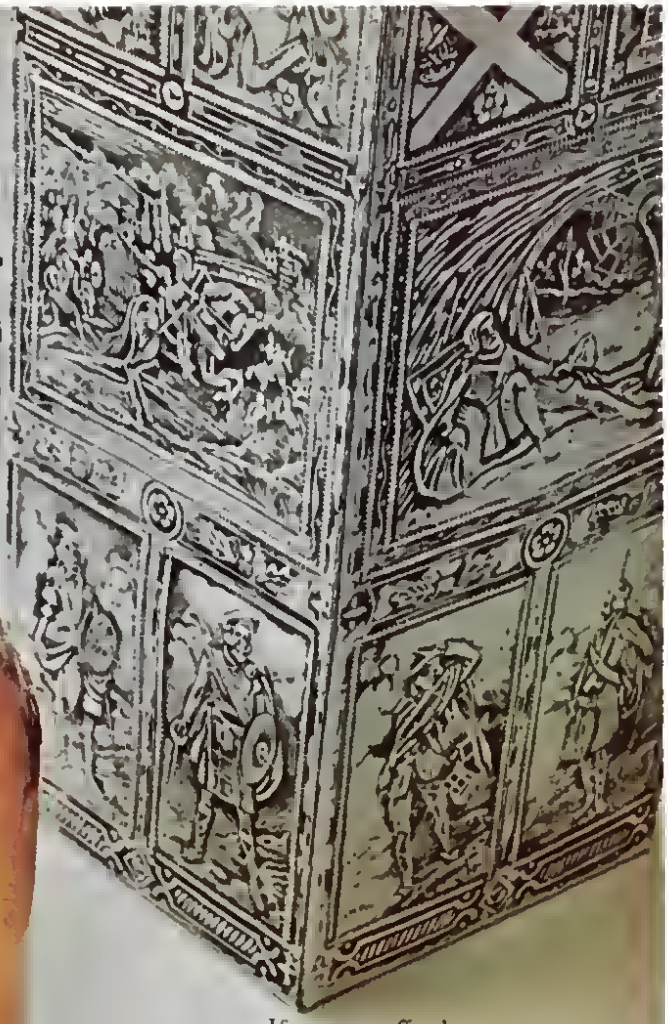
Finally we start to move. The sitting is over. At first we walk. Up the stairs and out of the locker room. Past the jayvee game, which has already started A Cornell halfback receives a short Princeton punt. He fakes left and goes right, picks up a blocker, spins off a tackler and is finally brought down. We start to run. My mind snaps back to what is at hand.

Of all the things in football, I hate pregame warmups the most. All they do is to postpone the game. By now the feeling of tension is so tight that I think I'll pop. This is good.

At our games it's a rare crowd that can drown out the noise of two butterflies fighting in the end zone. Today's crowd—and I use the term loosely—is no different. You can almost classify every spectator. The men and women are parents, the girls are the dates of the players, and the boys are roommates who have finally come to the game they promised to see last season. The rest of

continued

D BL SCOTCH WH PROOF GENERAL WINE & SPIRIT CO NEW YORK



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the people think they're watching the freshman game. They usually give themselves away with a remark like, "Sure, the backs are quick, but Dartmouth will make mincemeat out of that line."

We win the toss and elect to receive. Last-minute bumping with teammates to get ready. I hit my helmet a few times. Once my head gets ringing, it's easier to convince myself to run into people. The referee lines us up.

Then the whistle. The kicker drops his arm and approaches the ball. The leg swings, a dull thud. The ball goes over my head to the right. Fourth man in from the right. Drop back to meet the ballcarrier. Keep defensive man in sight. From behind me, "*go*." Drive forward. Cross body block. Down. Roll. Hard earth feels good. The tension is gone. From here on it's all football.

My first thought is that we will take them. But things quickly turn against us. They get a drive going that eventually gives them a touchdown. We're hitting hard but not using our heads. We get the ball near the end of the half and drive to their one-yard line. We stall and they take over on downs. The next play we catch them in the end zone for a safety. The half ends with the score 7–2.

We take our half-time break at opposite ends of the field. Next to us the jayvees are crushing Cornell. Our "crowd" moves over to watch that game. On the far field the freshmen are warming up for their game.

The heat is taking its toll. We don't have much depth and most of us have gone both ways. The sweat has soaked my uniform. The manager sponges off my face with ice water. It sends a chill down my back. I lie down to try to gain back some of my strength. Actually, we couldn't be in a better situation. We have the momentum. We're hitting harder than any game since last year against Navy. If only we can stop making so many mistakes.

Too soon half time is over. I try to loosen up. Lying down has made me stiff. I'm still not ready when we line up again for the kickoff. They run the kickoff back to midfield, but we stop them on their first drive.

Here we fall apart. When we start to crumble, everything goes. It's hard to look back later and remember just what it was that you did wrong. Maybe it was what you didn't do right. The second half is a mass of mistakes. By the end of the game we have given the ball away a total of five times, twice on interceptions and three times on fumbles. Rutgers wins 20–2.

In the dressing room everything moves in slow motion. We are in a trance. I peel my wet uniform off piece by piece. All the dirty stuff goes in the hamper in the middle of the room. I ball up my shirt and throw it across the room. It misses the hamper and hits the floor with a wet *slop*. The air is filled with sweat-soaked uniform jerseys, but few people are talking.

The coach comes in. He doesn't say anything about the game. That will be covered on Monday. "I've got some frustrating news to tell you. I haven't received a copy of the new league rules, but apparently they've been changed. I just learned from the Rutgers coach that weigh-ins are to be held two days before the game instead of one. So don't go gorging yourself. You've got to make weight earlier next week."

Two days to gain back weight. And along with the weight, the strength that is lost. I can't help thinking that maybe we wouldn't have died in the second half if we had weighed in on Thursday.

Both teams share the shower room. Our silence and long faces distinguish us even without uniforms. The warm water feels good flowing over my body. Then for the first time I start to feel the bruises. During the game I didn't even notice them. I can tell that I'm going to be awfully stiff tomorrow.

Silence envelops the dressing room as I button my shirt. Others are quietly eating the milk and sandwiches we get after games. Finally the silence is shattered.

"This place is like a morgue." It's Bo Holmes, the trainer. "Hell, it's not the end of the world, you know."

Nobody says anything at first. We just look at each other. Then Terry says, "We've got Army next week, Tiger. Let's start getting up."

The place livens up. Conversations start. The topic is Army. Somebody yells "Beat Army," and for the moment Rutgers is forgotten. You can't dwell on a loss.

I begin thinking about the Army game, too. I didn't play against them last year because of an injury. It sure would be good to beat them. I start dressing more quickly. **ENO**

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1964 COLLEGE

The nice thing about college basketball is that five unknown players from a small, obscure school can knock off the big-university athletic powerhouses and win the national championship. That is precisely what happened last year, of course, when Loyola of Chicago played through a 26-game season and the championship tournament, using the same five men nearly all the way, and won the NCAA title. Five times in the past 14 years the school that won the title was so small-time, athletically speaking, that it didn't even field a football team. The schools whose teams we predict will finish one-two in the standings this year both fit this pattern, though in different ways. Those predictions and scouting reports begin on page 43. More and more, the smaller schools, and especially the parochial schools, are turning to basketball for the student-morale boost that a winning sports tradition can deliver. One reason for this is the high cost of football

BASKETBALL

—and one byproduct is the greatly increased competition for good high school basketball players. The annual rush to recruit is now as hectic as the Christmas scramble at the toy counters. A lighthearted examination of this trend begins on page 82. There is also a change, subtle but significant, in what coaches are looking for in players. They must be smart, and not just to stay eligible. Simple run-and-shoot basketball has been proved inadequate in the face of new, complex defensive tactics that demand discipline and mental as well as physical agility. The thinking player occasionally moves on to gamesmanship, and the outstanding practitioner of that art is former Kentucky star Frank Ramsey, who describes for spectators some of his tested stratagems on page 57. The pros he plays with now are aware of these ruses. His revelations and the rest of this Special Issue are aimed at enriching the reader's enjoyment of the coming season.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARVIN E. NEWMAN

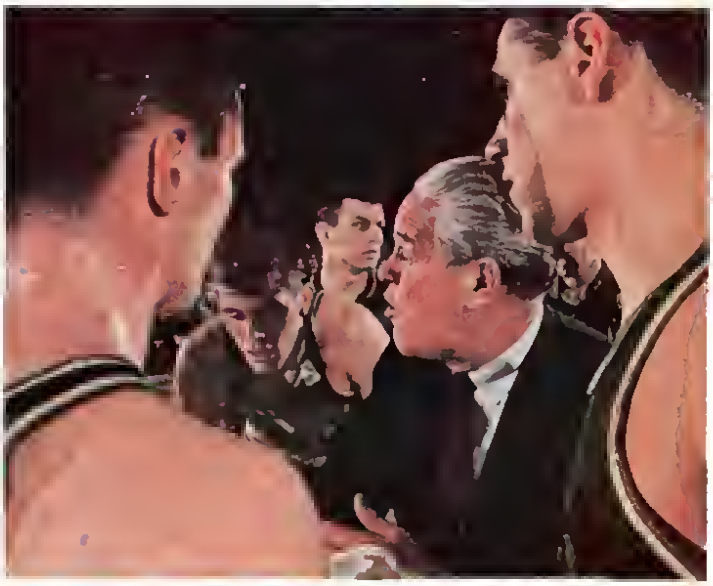
WHEN NOTRE DAME IS ON THE ROAD

"We make up our basketball travel schedule to take us where the football team didn't play that season," says Notre Dame Coach John Jordan. "But it doesn't seem to matter. Our alumni are everywhere." Last February's visit by the Irish to New York and Detroit was a bit special because it meant an appearance in Madison Square Garden, but their experiences were similar to those of most collegians on trips—sightseeing, studying in hotel rooms, playing on unfamiliar courts. "Here (opposite) I'm just trying to relax the boys before the game with NYU," says Jordan. "It's too late for anything new—just reminders on assignments. I didn't give them any 'charge' stuff. These kids are too smart for the old cornball anyway."

Fresh-cut oranges in a strange locker room

First a tough defeat—then victory

"Before the game in the Garden," says Jordan, "a classmate of mine, Jim Sheils, came down with his two boys to see me (right). I'm a little more genial with them than I am with the team during a time-out later (below). I only call time when we're in trouble of some kind, so you can be sure I'm not asking them where they'd like to eat after the game. One of our men had fouled out, so I was trying to rearrange assignments. At this point (opposite) we were holding our own against NYU—Miller (30), Jesewitz (20) and Sahm have pretty good position under the basket—but we lost 80–79. However, we went on to Detroit University and won there 83–79."



First diplomacy, then the hard sell

REGINA SACRATISSIMI ROSARII

Mass for players the morning of every game

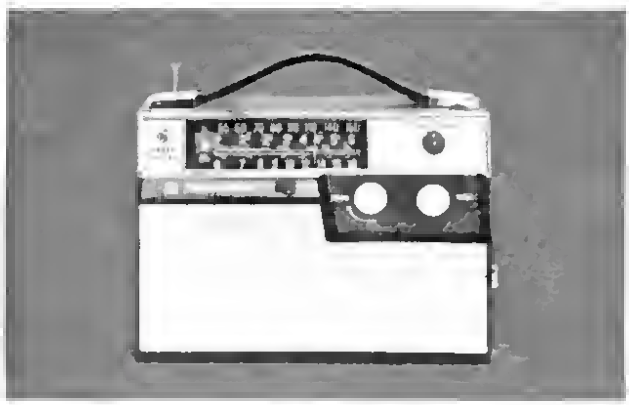
"The first thing the manager does when we get to a hotel is find out where a church is," says Jordan. "We set up a Mass every morning of a game. We try to have our own chaplain along, and Father Michael Murphy is serving Mass here in Detroit (opposite). After Mass we have a big breakfast, and then a nice eight-ounce steak four hours before the game. A lot of guys are trying to sell this milk-and-pills stuff for a training meal, but psychologically that can kill you. Playing on the road and still trying to keep up with the books is wearing enough on the boys. Look what it did to our forward, Sam Skarich—he's sleeping on the bus to the airport."

Even the best team trips end in weariness

TURN PAGE FOR SCOUTING REPORTS

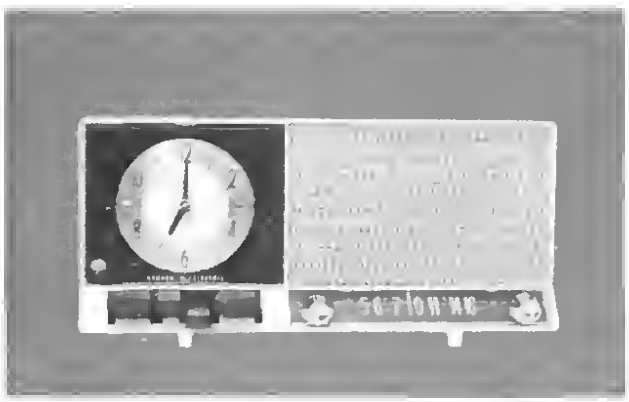
GIVE SOMETHING NOBODY GOT LAST CHRISTMAS

These new General Electric radios didn't even exist a year ago. Most likely, the person who "has everything" doesn't have a radio with such unique functions, new styling, new fun.

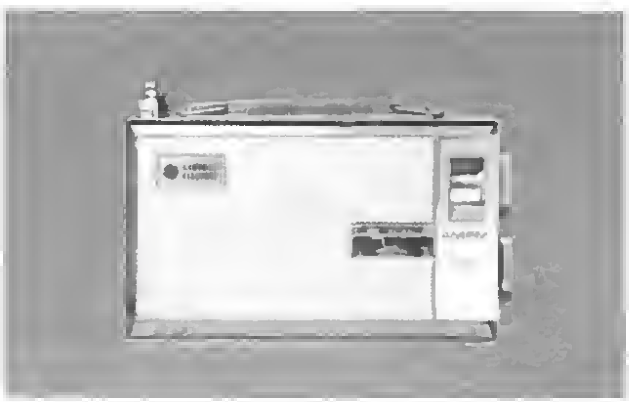


Shortwave/AM Portable—Less than $50* Give the excitement, fun and adventure of shortwave radio G E 's new model P 930 brings in London, Moscow, other foreign cities ships at sea ham operators , plus local AM stations Quality shortwave sets used to cost over $100 This one less than $50 (Model P 930)

Miniature Clock Radio—Less than $40* Add a stylish note to her bedroom decor , and subtract clutter from the bedside table Perfect for the office desk, too. So small (only 7¾ inches wide), it fits in your hand Yet it has the features of most large size models, plus a few extras (Model C 551)



Clock-Radio with Lighted Clock-Face—Less than $40* Give a great new convenience Everybody wakes up at night once in a while so this clock-face is lighted to tell time at a glance Other convenient features are the easy-to-use push button controls and the appliance outlet (Model C-490)



FM/AM Portable—Less than $50* Give the fine entertainment of FM radio in a lightweight portable It brings music anywhere to the backyard beach or around the house AM stations come in loud and clear too Plays up to 300 hours on ordinary flashlight batteries (Model P-940) Radio Receiver Department, Utica, N Y

*Manufacturer's approximate suggested retail price for South and West

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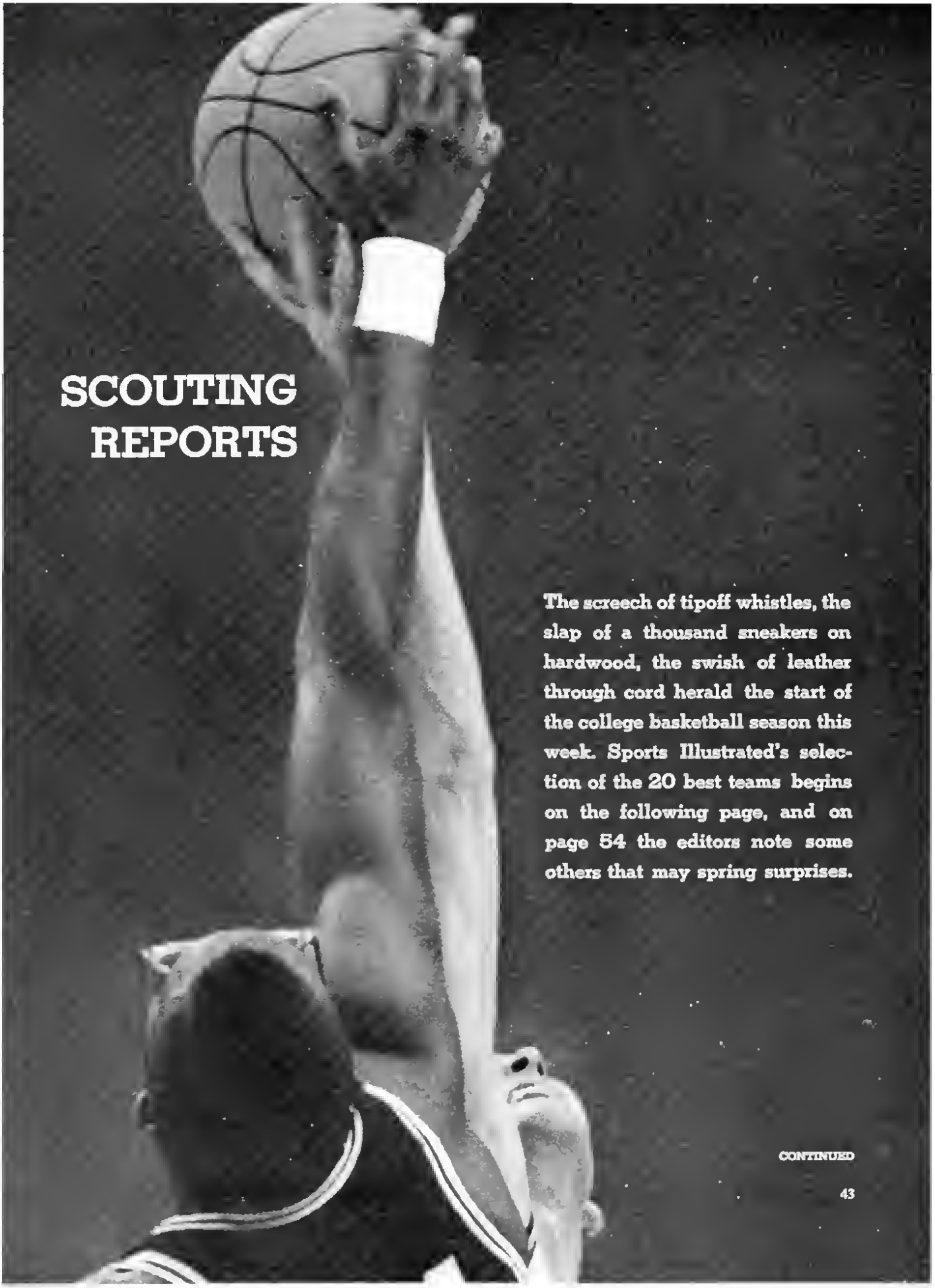

SCOUTING REPORTS

The screech of tipoff whistles, the slap of a thousand sneakers on hardwood, the swish of leather through cord herald the start of the college basketball season this week. Sports Illustrated's selection of the 20 best teams begins on the following page, and on page 54 the editors note some others that may spring surprises.

CONTINUED

SCOUTING REPORTS

NYU The scholastic standards of New York University occasionally pay off for Coach Lou Rossini when they attract someone like Barry Kramer, a premed student who is—coincidentally—the best college basketball player in the U.S. this year. More often, though, those standards raise havoc with Rossini's plans. Like players in a marathon poker game, squad members move in and out of the lineup as their grades are reported. Latest returns from the dean's office show Tom Boose back in, Neil O'Neill out. Both are guards, though Boose is a converted forward. He is the better scorer, but O'Neill will be missed because he is the best backcourt playmaker the Violets have or, rather, had. Pending further academic bulletins, however, NYU has everything else.

This should be the first national champion from the East in a decade. Every coach, of course, has problems, but they are usually of the we-need-a-big-man or we-need-someone variety. Rossini *has* the personnel. Even without O'Neill, he has enough to overwhelm every squad on his schedule. His chief concern is to get his first five to play together as a team instead of as a bunch of individual showboats. (Kramer is a happy exception.) A lesser but serious problem is 6-foot-7, 225-pound Happy Hairston, who has the speed, mobility and natural talent to be an All-America like Kramer. But Hairston takes such a casual attitude toward basketball that no one would be surprised if he forgot to show up for a game.

On the plus side, every Violet player is a superb and enthusiastic rebounder; when a team misses a shot against NYU it rarely gets a second chance. Kramer is an all-round whiz: pass, shoot, jump, defend. Transfer student Ray Bennett, 6 feet 8, completes a fast, powerful front line. NYU's guards, 6-foot-5 Bob Patton and 6-foot-3 Boose, will be bigger than most of the backcourt men they meet and will yield nothing in speed. The bench is more than adequate. Sure early victories over weak teams will propel NYU into prominence, and then the incentive of a national title within their grasp should force these fine players to act as a team.

SAN FRANCISCO Unranked and unnoticed, the Dons moved with a typically deliberate speed last season that almost carried them to the championship of the Western Regionals. They lost no one of importance, have some talented newcomers, and a year of experience with their highly disciplined style at both ends of the court has made them into a tough, cohesive unit. They are going to surprise all the pollsters. The Dons are so well drilled by Coach Pete Peletta that they rarely beat themselves. Peletta is a bright young strategist and an effective recruiter. Previously, he was also a fidgeter and shouter, but he became so uncommonly quiet in practice this fall that two well-meaning senior players asked him seriously if he were "sick or something." Peletta is sick like Popeye the Sailor Man. "Our weakness, if we have one," he says, "is defense." Well, the Dons were ninth in the nation in defense last year and cannot fail to be better. Defense is an obsession with the basketball school Peletta represents; other successful practitioners have been Phil Woolpert and Pete Newell. With improved rebounding, SF

occasionally will use a fast break this year. Normally, however, Peletta prefers a patterned offense that, as the season wears on, will be directed more and more by sophomore Russ Gumina. At 6 feet 2 and 210 pounds, Gumina looks like Rocky Marciano and is just as strong. Senior Jim Brovelli broke a small bone in his wrist, but will be back in three weeks to team with Gumina in the backcourt. Huey Thomas is the other starting guard. The Dons have their best center since Bill Russell in 6-foot-8 Ollie Johnson, who averaged 17.3 as a sophomore. But the top point man this year may turn out to be Dave Lee, a 6-foot-7 forward who came on strong late last season. Eddie Thomas, a fine defensive performer, will start at the other forward, but two sophomores—Joe Ellis and Erwin Mueller—are putting pressure on the first five. SF players are aware, if the polls are not, that they can be title contenders. So is Peletta. His pipelines are so crammed with basketball players that he eased up on recruiting last year. When Pete Peletta stops hollering and cuts down on recruiting at the same time, he is holding a very pat hand.

MICHIGAN In 1948 Ozzie Cowles coached the only postwar Big Ten champion from Michigan. When he and the team got back to Ann Arbor from the NCAA tournament, a campus acquaintance stopped him, inquired politely about his health and asked where he had been for the past few days. As soon thereafter as possible, Cowles left Michigan for places where basketball was appreciated a bit more. Times have changed in Ann Arbor. Nobody asks Coach Dave Strack where he has been lately. It is evident he has been out in the bushes drumming up talent, and he has got a hatful. If Michigan comes out unbowed from the annual bloodbath that is the Big Ten conference race—and it should —it may well be the favorite in the NCAA title round. Basketball is now so big in Ann Arbor that this fall, for the first time, students paid for football tickets. This doesn't make sense until you understand that 20,000 students used to be admitted free to football games, but this year they paid $1 a game in order to get preferential seating for the basketball season.

Michigan was 16 8 last year, but 10 of the wins came in the first 11 games. Center Bill Buntin, first in the Big Ten in rebounds, third in scoring, simply ran out of help. The difference this year is a superb group of sophomores. Up front with Buntin are two of them—Jim Myers (6 feet 8), who is primarily a scorer, and Oliver Darden (6 feet 7), strong on defense and rebounding. The Wolverines' hoard work compares with NYU's and Loyola's. Cazzie Russell, a 6-foot-5 sophomore who will start at guard, "can play in our league right now," says one NBA coach. Russell will also fill in at forward and is even able to relieve Buntin at center. He will cause quite a defensive stir among teams with 6-foot guards. Strack has another good 6-foot-5 backcourt man in Larry Tregoning, but Captain Bob Cantrell probably will start with Russell. Doug Herner, another starter last year, gets bumped. Cantrell has a big role: he must pace the kids. They may be too frisky and too sure of themselves for the smartly coached teams in this conference. Russell, for example, has already forecast two NCAA titles for himself and his classmates. He may be right.

WICHITA People planning parties in Wichita have been careful for some time to avoid a conflict with the school's basketball games, but if the Shockers make the Midwest Regionals—played this March in their own field house for the first time—there is going to be one mighty big party all over town. And if the Shockers do make the regionals, a trip on to the finals seems as safe as surplus wheat. Wichita loses in Wichita about as often as it rains in Death Valley *(annual precipitation, two inches)*. Last year the Shockers beat three of the top four nationally ranked teams (they did not play the fourth), including NCAA champion Loyola and Cincinnati, but seemed to lack incentive against lesser lights. Coach Ralph Miller says his team is prepared this season "to go calmly ahead and play all our games the way *we* want to play them." The Shockers press full court, they like the fast break and—that failing—they work in well. Last year 80% of their shots came from within six feet of the basket.

Inside 25 feet, All-America Dave Stallworth can make any shot. A 6-foot-7 forward, he is almost impossible to stop one-on-one. He has excellent peripheral vision, is a fine passer and ball hawk. Stallworth has been double-teamed in the past, but if Center Nate Bowman continues to improve, opponents will find that costly. Bowman averaged a mere 9.2 last year and, sporting a beard, was something of a clown. But the beard is off, Bowman is serious, and he could score twice as much and foul half as frequently. Student Government President Dave Leach, who seemed hampered by nervousness last year, is at the other forward, with sophomore Kelly Pete (15.2 points and 15.2 rebounds a game with the freshmen) moving up from guard to relieve Leach occasionally. Pete and 5-foot-10 John Criss will alternate in the backcourt alongside Leonard Kelley during the first semester. Ernie Moore will replace Kelley for the second. Kelley and Moore both have one term of eligibility left, and Miller is spreading their talent over the season. Moore, a superb defender, is being held out for the last half because that is when the NCAAs take place. Also, Armageddon (nicknamed Cincinnati) shows up twice on the schedule in the second semester this year.

VILLANOVA A good basketball player without knee trouble is about as rare these days as a movie star without a nose bob, and nowhere are bad knees more in fashion than on Philadelphia's Main Line, where one of the nation's slickest backcourts is returning from surgery. So far it looks as if the knees in question are sound again. If so, so is Villanova. The celebrated joints are those of Wally Jones and George Leftwich, sophomore stars two years ago: both quick-handed defenders and good shooters. Last season Leftwich could not play at all; Jones did, but at half speed. Still, with his long jump shot, he averaged 16.7. This pair will outsmart many an opposing backcourt of more imposing size and muscle. So will Jim Washington, 6 feet 7, a center last year, but now moving to forward because Coach Jack Kraft believes he will play better facing the basket. Washington was always exceptionally agile and now knows how to use his speed and mobility—some of this undoubtedly picked up at a summer recreation center where he scrimmaged with

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pros. The other forward will be sophomore Richie Moore, who averaged 23.6 with the freshmen. This is such a potent scoring team that Center Al Sallee—an ex-Quantico Marine—needs to do little but stand tall. "Just block out and rebound," says Kraft. Sallee does not jump too well but starts at 6 feet 8. If Moore and Sallee cannot play both ends of the court, Kraft will staff his combination zone and man-to-man defense with Eric Erickson, a starter last year, and sophomore Mike Tralies. The Wildcats operate out of a basic 2-3, but when an opponent with the ball works in too near the basket, he gets man-to-man coverage. Kraft has an offensive bench, too. Since sophomore Bill Melchionni can score, Kraft will go with three backcourt men on occasion. Bernie Schaffer, another sophomore, can outshoot Sallee and Tralies, so he will play a good deal, too. That sounds like a lot of sophomores, but Kraft controls the youngsters well. Indeed, the best thing about this team is its coaching. In a scrimmage against NYU, the Wildcats demonstrated they can push a club with superior personnel to the limit, using their heads and following intelligent direction.

LOYOLA Will success spoil Loyola? Not likely. Coach George Ireland had his boys running with the cross-country team this fall, to get in shape, and the champions were running proud, not cocky or scared. They still are. Is the loss of Jerry Harkness critical? Probably not. No team loses an All-America with complete impunity, but in some ways this year's is a stronger squad. Then why should Loyola lose its title? The answer is that a number of other teams, like the five here rated above it, have improved much more than Loyola, if it has at all. Many still believe the champions were lucky to win last year. They were not. Against extremely disciplined clubs like Mississippi State and Cincinnati they kept their poise and just refused to be beaten. They will do that again, often. Others believe the Ramblers do not play defense. Indeed they do. Their first line of defense is powerful, four-man rebounding that keeps the ball away from the opposition for long spells, the best defense of all. Away from the boards they play individual rather than team defense, but this was good enough to upset Cincinnati under pressure in the finals, and it is again that good. What about offense? Harkness averaged 21.4 points a game—but somebody else was averaging 70.4. All of those somebodies are back. Since the Loyola attack was all fast break, the loss of a Harkness is considerably less significant than it would be on a deliberate-offense team. Ireland is not changing his style of attack, though he is altering a few of the options that emphasized Harkness' role. The only starting vacancy will be filled by either Chuck Wood, last year's sixth man, or by Jim Coleman, who was All-Army in 1961-62 and the Loyola freshman high scorer last year. If Coleman starts, springy Ron Miller will move into the forecourt with Vic Rouse and Les Hunter. And this year there is some depth in the forecourt: sophomores Frank Perez (6 feet 6) and Tom Markey (6 feet 5). Chunky little John Egan is still around to hustle the ball into the break. Loyola plays a rugged road schedule without some of the breathers that helped it to make those area-code scores 11 times last year, and everyone, of course, will be laying for them, hoping to catch their jumping jacks with unaccountably heavy-soled sneakers.

CINCINNATI The fast break makes Coach Ed Jucker cringe. "I don't go out and get a good six-nine center," he says, "and then let a five-nine guard lose me the ball." After years of remarkable success with his pattern-style game, Jucker is not going to switch to the break, but he *is* going to open up Cincy's offense and call for more shooting. He has to—to win. He has lost three superb defensive players—Tony Yates, Tom Thacker and Larry Shingleton—and his opponents are going to score more than they have in the past three years. Jucker does have his good center, maybe. He is 6-foot-8 Ron Krick, the boy who broke Wilt Chamberlain's Pennsylvania high school records. This is Krick's third year at Cincinnati—and all he has to show for the first two are three freshman games and two constantly dislocated shoulders. This fall he had surgery, and since the operation he has come along very slowly. Krick has looked good with the ball, but his rebounding, jumping and defense have not been up to par. If Krick makes the lineup George Wilson can shift back to forward, where he is more effective. So far, in practice, Wilson has scored almost at will against Krick. With Krick on the bench Thacker's forward post is open. Gene Smith, a spot player last year, has the inside track, but freshman MVP John Serbin should move in before long. A brawny 6-foot-6, Serbin was high school All-America in football and basketball, but has been slowed by a bad toe. Ron Bonham, naturally, is the other forward. Probably the best shooter in college today, he appears to be bearing down as never before. "I think he'll want to go to the board more," says Jucker. "I think he'll want to bow out in a big way." In his search for points, Jucker may start sophomores Roland West and Dave Cosby. They can shoot from outside and are much bigger (about 6 feet 4) than the usual Cincy backcourt prototype. If he goes for experience, Jucker will start juniors Fritz Meyer and Ken Cunningham, who are better at setting up the front line. The Bearcats should be slow to form, but tough down the stretch. There was another Cincy team like that. It started poorly but became the national champion. It was the 1960–61 bunch, and Jucker is very mindful of the fact.

DUKE Jay Buckley, the 6-foot-10 center for the Blue Devils, is a bright young physics major who was one of 60 students handpicked from all over the country to take part in a National Aeronautics and Space Administration summer program. "Jay," Coach Vic Bubas said recently, "I wouldn't be surprised one of these days to read that you are the first man to land on the moon." "Oh, I don't know, Coach," Buckley said. "If I get there, I'll probably find you already there looking for ballplayers." Buckley's answer was not all gag. Though the collegiate Player of the Year, Art Heyman, has graduated, demon recruiter Bubas has made enough finds to keep Duke among the nation's elite. Heyman will be missed, of course. He was the rare kind of player who could break a game open, and the team depended on him—perhaps too much. He took 36.3% of the starting five's shots. The major share of Heyman's burden falls on Captain Jeff Mullins (20.3 last year). Physically, though, Mullins can never be another Heyman. At 6 feet 4 and only 185 pounds, he literally gave out several times last year.

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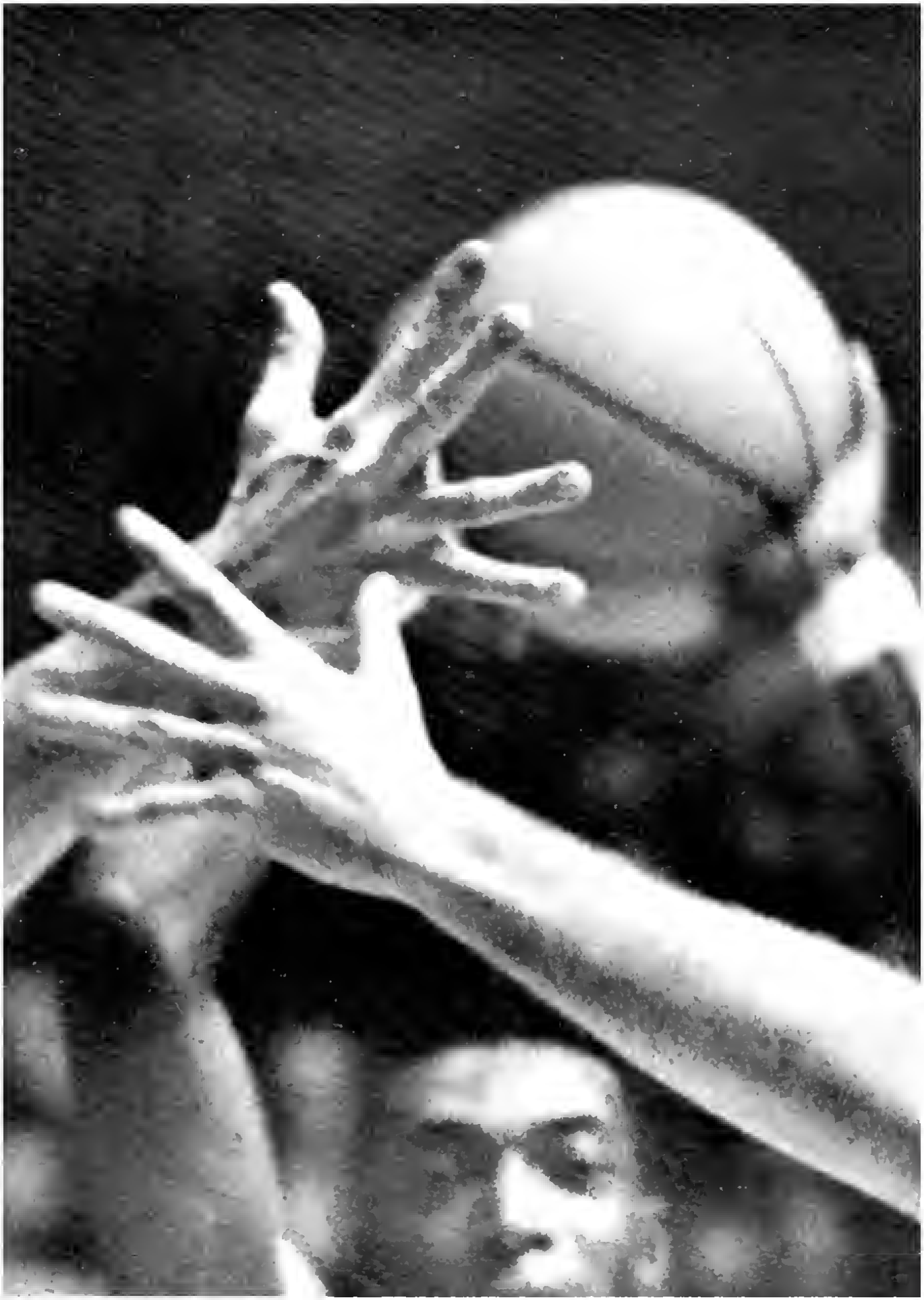

But he actually is a more accurate shooter than Heyman and is a good floor leader. Buckley and another 6-foot-10 man, Hack Tison, will complete the front court. Tison is much the better shot, but Buckley is the stronger and rebounds well. Still, neither of the two will ever cut it at Muscle Beach, and an opponent with a rugged pivotman likely would force them and the team into foul trouble. Brent Kitching, a 6-foot-7 junior, is thus an important reserve; if he works into the lineup Duke will be better off, since Bubas then can alternate his big men. Buzzy Harrison won a backcourt post during last season, and is the logical choice to keep it. There is a scramble for the other guard position among two juniors, Ron Herbster and Denny Ferguson, and two sophomores, Steve Vacendak and Frank Harscher. Duke is well-drilled defensively and will switch from a zone to man-to-man the way so many southern teams do. If this squad is not as explosive as last year's, it has better balance and greater depth.

9 **KANSAS STATE** "Good things are meant to be shared, so is basketball shooting," reads a sign in the K-State locker room. This really is not an exhortation by Coach Tex Winter against hogging the ball. It is an accurate indication of how the game is played in Manhattan, Kans. State almost always has so deep a squad that the shooting automatically is spread through two platoons. This bench strength has been a key factor in State's record of four Big Eight championships and two ties for the title since 1956, and it is very much in evidence this season. There are six strong front liners: Willie Murrell, Jeff Simons, Joe Gottfrid and Dave Nelson at the corners and Roger Suttner and Gary Williams at center. At guard are Max Moss, Ron Paradis and Richard Barnard. This crew has height, speed and experience. It lacks only a little beef, which seems odd in a school in the heart of the cow country, whose training-table steaks are supplied free by proud alumni. The 7-foot Suttner, who has never quite lived up to his promise, "is not a real free-wheeling center," Winter puts it somewhat wistfully. He seems to be playing more aggressively in practice than in the past, but his interest is still minimal. "He shows up because he has to, not because he wants to," says Winter. Two genuinely talented players are Murrell and Paradis. In Winter's triple-post offense, with each player handling seven or eight options, Murrell moves in and out of the corner or post with ease, can score from outside or underneath equally well. He had trouble learning Winter's system last year but is relaxed and playing with abandon now. Paradis is as fanatic as Suttner is indifferent, spends his spare time running off reel after reel of old State games, studying players he will meet and the successful moves of teammates. He has excellent moves of his own, including an accurate long-range jumper that he flips off the two outside fingers of his hand instead of the index and middle fingers as most players do, but he is a streak shooter. Paradis can run a fast break, so Winter may use it a bit more than he has recently. He will not depart from his aggressive defense, however. Kansas State will again use the full-court press, and not just when it is behind and trying to catch up. The rest of the time it will play a half-court press. The rest of the Big Eight is warned.

10 **ARIZONA STATE** Politicians in Arizona may be a little coy about running, but not Arizona State basketballers. Coach Ned Wulk has recruited a fine crop of quarter horses for his fast break, and all the sophomores moving up have two things in common—they are fast, and they don't come from Arizona. Instead, Wulk found one apiece in Winamac, Ind., McKeesport, Pa. and Manitowoc, Wis., and he found two in Struthers, Ohio. But speed, as the National Safety Council points out, does not always get you there. The Sun Devils have had impressive records of late (26–3 last year), but they often have a hard time adjusting to a slowdown game. A lot of teams, of course, have tried to drop the tempo at Tempe, but Arizona State usually managed the switch against local competition, simply on quality. Really good defense and controlled play can beat them, which is why one coach says they are not a "tournament team." Nevertheless, there are not many defenses good enough to contain this offense. Wulk has lost one starter, but his fast guns, Joe Caldwell and Art Becker, are back. Both averaged 19 points per game, and Becker's improvement off the boards (11.2 rebounds a game) released Caldwell, who may be the fastest 6-foot-5 man in college, for more up-court work on the break. Additional help is expected this season from Dennis Dairman, who scored 12.5 last year as a guard. Back at forward, a position he much prefers, he should do better. Junior Gerald Jones will take over Dairman's old spot alongside Gary Senitza, the team quarterback. Senitza gets the few points he scores when they count most, and he is the one who leads the adjustment to a slowdown. His value increases this year, since there is no experience at all on the bench, just sophomores and two junior college transfers, Luther Harper and 6-foot-10 Jim Proctor. Arizona State plays a tough intersectional schedule this year, and must also contend with the fact that almost every team in the Western Athletic Conference is improved, particularly New Mexico. But Wulk and his road runners are still too fast company for most of their competition.

11 **BRADLEY** "Frankly," Coach Chuck Orsborn says, "I don't know what our style is. We shift around so much, I don't see how anyone could do a good job scouting us." Orsborn is telling only half the story. It is not just the shifting that will make Bradley tough this year. It is what Orsborn has to shift: a tall (for a change), deep, talented squad with the speed and rebounding skill that were missing last season. Orsborn will also have his fine center, 6-foot-9 Joe Strawder, and Levern Tart all season. Last year Strawder was ineligible until February, and Tart flunked out at midsemester and missed the last half. Right now Tart is the best player on the team; Orsborn cannot decide whether to use him at guard or forward and just wishes he were twins. At guard four lettermen are available: Rich Williams, Rich Donley, Bobby West and Leon Hall. Williams is a certain starter; Donley has been erratic in recent practice. There are three good sophomore forwards: Eddie Jackson, Ernie Thompson and Ron Martin. The first two are very good—they averaged 18 points apiece with the freshmen and are leading contenders for starting jobs

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with Ron Patterson, a junior who saw little action last year and senior Steve Day. Thompson is the shortest, at 6 feet 3, but he still managed to pull down 14 rebounds per game. Jackson, however, pulls down the raves. For one thing, he was something of a *cause célèbre* in Illinois. In his junior year at Peoria's Manual High he turned 19 just before the state finals. This made him ineligible and set up such a fuss that the age rule subsequently was changed. Now a mature 21, Jackson is a slender 6 feet 6 and can do almost anything but gain weight. He is especially impressive on defense. As Orsborn puts it, "Most sophomores can't guard the coach, let alone their man. But Jackson will do a better job than our upperclassmen."

Despite Orsborn's typically wry and cautious statements, excitement about Bradley's chances is beginning to spread around Peoria. The February 27 game with Cincinnati was sold out before tickets were put on sale. Student and alumni demand left nothing for the general public. If there were a winter book for the NCAA, Bradley would be the most interesting long-shot choice.

NOTRE DAME The Irish were 12-4 last year when exam grades were posted. There went star sophomores Ron Reed and Larry Sheffield, and there went the season. Reed, also a pitcher, mused over bonus offers. Sheffield fumed. He had lost his eligibility, he said, because one of his professors decided Sheffield had a poor attitude. That professor, the Notre Dame student magazine is quick to point out, has left the school. Reed and Sheffield are back on the squad. Unfortunately, the rest of the team looks like central casting for a full season of *Ben Casey*. Larry Jesewitz, 6-foot-8 center, has been struggling with mononucleosis. Jay Miller, a rugged 6-foot-4 forward, got excited watching Sandy Koufax strike out Yankees on TV, fell off his chair and needed several stitches in his head. More serious are his troublesome knees, which have kept him from getting into top shape. Coach John Jordan decided on Pat Dudgeon as point man for his 1-3-1 offense. Dudgeon promptly broke a wrist. This forced a harassed Jordan to move Sheffield into the playmaking role. Sheffield can score (16.1), and he is a fine defender—it is almost impossible to lose him behind a screen—but he is not a natural floor leader. If Dudgeon can work the stiffness out of his arm quickly, now that the cast is off, Sheffield will be more effective moved back to a wing. Jordan feels Dudgeon will be ready by Christmas. The long-legged Reed will definitely play the other wing.

The Irish will be mean off the boards, and their height is made to order for the zone defenses that Jordan likes to use. The big man is Walt Sahm (6 feet 10), who was fifth in the nation in rebounding last year, despite the fact that he does not jump well. But he does have a fine shot. Sahm, Reed, Sheffield, Miller, Jesewitz and Dudgeon are all juniors, so look out for the Irish next year. Senior forwards Sam Skarich and Captain Dick Erlenbaugh will also play regularly. As usual, Notre Dame has a rough schedule with few home games, but if everybody gets well and stays that way, and pays attention in class, this will be a lucky 13th year of coaching for Jordan. After this past football season, Notre Dame could use a few victories.

OKLAHOMA CITY The Chiefs are taller than any other college team in history and some pro teams today. They have a 7-footer playing forward, which must be some kind of a first. The starters average 6 feet 7⅖ and the fifths are important, because last year OCU set the record at 6 feet 7⅕. With all this height the Chiefs can afford to shoot a lot, and they do. Guards Bud Koper and Gary Hill averaged more than 20 points per game last year, and while Hill is with the San Francisco Warriors now, Koper goes on shooting for Oklahoma City. There were 19 scorers in the nation ahead of him last year, but he led everybody in most baskets (286) with almost 10 a game. Most of Koper's points came on his long jumpers, and he is big enough and strong enough (6 feet 6, 210 pounds) to throw them in from up to 40 feet away. He seldom drives, though, and converted only 3.4 free throws a game, less than anyone else who scored as much as he did. Backcourt company will be Charles (Big Game) Hunter (6 feet 5), a sophomore who replaces Hill. Big Game averaged 24.3 with the freshmen and can also play up front if Coach Abe Lemons wants to bring in his little men—5-foot-11 Dick Bagby or 6-foot-2 sophomore Jerry Lee Wells. Big Game, Bagby and Wells are all from the same area of southern Kentucky. Joe Gibbon, another top reserve, is something of an oddity, coming as he does from Oklahoma City. He is also getting a reputation as a good clutch player.

Bespectacled 6-foot-8 Center James Ware will be the second starting sophomore. Ware averaged 19 points and 19 rebounds with the freshmen. One forward is Jim Miller, a bruising 6-foot-6 Loscutoff type who seldom scores but is rough off the boards and on defense. The other is Eddie Jackson, the 7-footer, agile enough to bring the ball upcourt in a press situation. OCU did not get started last year till Jackson became eligible at midyear. But then it ran off 10 in a row to make the NCAAs. In the second round, against Colorado, Koper and Hill both went cold. Shooting is still this team's forte, and when Koper is hitting the big Chiefs will be hard to stop.

GEORGIA TECH For years the Southeastern Conference was merely a private kingdom for Kentucky's Adolph Rupp. Then Babe McCarthy and Mississippi State took over the lease. Now, one-team rule is out. There does not appear to be a national champion lurking in the pack, but as many as five teams are logical contenders for the conference title. The balance is unusual, and Georgia Tech has just a little bit more balance than anyone else. Tech had its best record in 25 years last season, and the circumstances behind it are what really make this team look so good. For one thing, Coach Whack Hyder was installing a new 1-3-1 offense last year, so his team took a long time getting ready. Moreover, Tech made its good showing on sophomore strength. Experience and familiarity should breed more contentment this time around. The Yellow Jackets' stature could be diminished most by a professor, for strong man Jimmy Tumlin, who missed last year with injuries, is having trouble in a physics course. Tumlin, 6 feet 7 and a strong rebounder, is the best big man ever turned out

by a local high school. Eligible, he will provide solid board work from the low post. Jim Caldwell, the sophomore who led the team in scoring and rebounds last season, will work at high post. A bone chip in his foot, which irritated him all last season, has been removed and, as a bonus for Hyder, Caldwell grew another inch to 6 feet 10. Two other sophomore stars of last year are also set: R. D. Craddock, who will play on the point, and Wingman Ron Scharf. Senior Charlie Spooner will be on the other wing. Hyder likes to platoon, on the theory that it gives him a chance to see more players early in a game and he can pick out the hot ones to finish up with. Newcomer Tommy Roberts has shown the hottest hand on the club in practice. He is also a fine playmaker. Another, Boogie Hill, will sub at a post while freshman leading scorer Mick Stenftenagel can play wing or pivot. There are more adequate reserves, and though Hyder has no big scoring threat, he does have the material to find a few shooters every game. His ace in the hole, as usual, is Tech's tenacious defense, often featuring a well-executed zone press.

TEXAS In this state football's popularity relegates basketball to a level of existence approximately paralleling plant life. Thus, when a good team comes out of the Southwest Conference, nobody really believes it. But Texas became a good team last season, and Coach Harold Bradley has almost the same cast back. Bradley's teams are *teams*. Ten players got into 24 of the 27 games last year, and All-Conference Center Mike Humphrey led his associates with such measly totals as 12 points and seven rebounds a game. But the whole shifting lineup scored 72 a game, and a shifting man-to-man held opponents to 61.9, the Longhorns won 20, lost 7 and ran off with the SWC. Just one starter is gone, although one so-called "alternate starter" and two reserves also graduated. One sophomore, Forward-Guard Paul Olivier, is picked up in return, but the real concern is whether a leader can be found to hold things together the way Guard Jimmy Gilbert did. Larry Franks, a junior who developed into the Longhorns' best all-round player late in the season, is a likely candidate. Last year he was still adjusting to a forward position from the pivot, which he had played previously, and averaged only 8.3. Now he seems completely at ease in the corner. Humphrey is a senior, but he is married and has a wealth of outside interests. He has switched his major from pharmacy to education and zoology. His latest plan is to attend morticians' school. He is also a super summer salesman (knives) and a hobbyist flyer, and wanted to be a commercial pilot until he outgrew (to 6 feet 8) cockpit regulations.

Playmaker Jimmy Puryear broke his hand recently, and this will force more responsibility upon Jimmy Clark, the other backcourt starter. Clark is a flashy dribbler who has tended toward showboating, so now even more depends on his settling down. His marriage this past summer—four of the Longhorns are husbands—may help. Tommy Nelms will fill in for Puryear until the hand heals, while Joe Fisher, a good defensive man, will start up front with Franks and Humphrey, with John Paul Foltz and Harvey Hollman in reserve. There is talent enough here for another romp in the SWC. "I don't think we'll wind up second," Humphrey says. "We'll either get butchered or win 'em all."

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18 **DAVIDSON** Harry Golden writes his only-in-America success stories in Charlotte, N.C. He could find a classic athletic example of the Horatio Alger saga just a few miles away in the hamlet of Davidson, where 1,000 men attend the smallest college in the Southern Conference. Davidson is a fine little school academically but had always been an athletic loser. Until Lefty Driesell arrived three years ago, its specialty was certainly not basketball players. Dean Rusk was one; who can name another? Driesell changed that. He now has so many good players that, breaking the law of averages, one of them turned up named Davidson. The Wildcats can take on anyone in the country. They were 20-7 last year, and only one regular was graduated. In his place is sophomore Dick Snyder, a 6-foot-5 forward, who can run fast, jump high and score (25.9 as a freshman). He also plays football—all 10 Big Ten teams tried to get him as their quarterback—and baseball and sometimes tries track. Horsing around one day, he broad-jumped 22 feet in a baseball uniform. Snyder may outscore Center Fred Hetzel, the 6-foot-9 conference MVP, who averaged 23.4 with 13.2 rebounds. Hetzel pairs with Captain Terry Holland, a 6-foot-7 senior, in Driesell's double-post offense. Holland is just one of the Wildcats' good shooters and rebounders, the team was fourth in the nation in rebound percentage and seventh in shooting. If the backcourt appears to lack scorers, that may be misleading. Don Davidson is 6 feet 5 and so good defensively that he was assigned to guard all the top opposing forwards last year, and his shooting suffered. But he has worked on it, and the results already show. Playmaker Barry Teague is another fine defensive man and keeps his starting job from the better-shooting Charlie Mateon because of it. Little Davidson is loaded. It has to face five conference champions on a tough schedule, but what better way to play Horatio Alger?

17 **STANFORD** A precocious junior named Craig Cordes is only a reserve, but for a couple of very different reasons he is one of the most important substitutes on campus. First of all Cordes, who was graduated from high school when he was all of 16, is an A student. Because Stanford adheres to the somewhat novel theory that athletes must be effective students, Cordes' academic offices are much in demand on the team, which he serves as unofficial tutor. IQ aside, he is 6 feet 6½ and a stand-in for the Indians' All-America candidate, Center Tom Dose. The best big man Stanford ever had, Dose has a wispy "knuckle-ball" shot that seems to bounce into the basket under its own delicate propulsion. The Big Six's leading rebounder last year, Dose can hook with either hand. He also hooks people with either hand, and fouled out of nine games last year (still averaging 20.8 points per game, a school record), with the bulk of his indiscretions coming on unnecessary grabbing when he tired near the end of each half. Dose has a habit of holding his hands unusually high, and Coach Howie Dallmar believes this strange posture rather than any physical difficulty causes his fatigue. If Cordes develops quickly and can fill in adequately for Dose, Dallmar will have one of two big problems solved. The other is defense. Last year's starting guards graduated, and Hollis Moore, a 6-foot-4

senior forward, has had to be moved to the backcourt to fill the void. However, Moore also fouls too much. He will start with 5-foot-8 Lew Shupe, a streak shooter. Kent Hinckley and Chris Babbs, who is even shorter than Shupe, are ready to move up if the first-line defenses falter. The forward line is set and strong. Dose will be flanked by hard-working Clayton Raaka and by Bob Bedell, who is quick, a good shot and, incidentally, Cordes' major scholastic reclamation project. Both Raaka and Bedell rebound well and, with Dose, can control the boards. The Indians should win the Big Six title, which they unaccountably blew to UCLA last year by losing their last three games.

18 **VANDERBILT** Clyde Lee grew up to be 6 feet 9 a mile or so down the road from the Vanderbilt campus, in the same Nashville neighborhood that gave America Dinah Shore and Pat Boone. Lee is an unaffected, even-tempered sophomore who gets very good grades in mathematics and plays the pivot so well that tickets to Vanderbilt games are suddenly going as if this was Grand Ole Opry instead of basketball. Actually, Lee is only partially responsible for the boom. The Commodores won their last five games last season against some of the best in the Southeastern Conference, and most of that 16-7 team is back. There is also a special spirit about this group. Vandy's football fortunes have been so low for so long that the basketball players have decided it is up to them to uphold the school's fair name until the new coach, Jack Green, brings the football team back to respectability. Lee is the personification of all this. He is the only local boy on the team, and he followed a positively Jack Armstrong high school career with a freshman record of 24.2 points and 22.5 rebounds per game. While he has a chance to be the Commodores' first All-America, underrated Guard Roger Schurig is at least of All-Conference caliber. The team's high scorer last year (16.8), he is also its leader, top comic and a good boy to have on a burning deck—he made baskets in the final 10 seconds to win *five* games last season. Coach Roy Skinner will use a double post. To go with Lee under the boards he has steady Bob Grace, who is 6 feet 7 and averaged 13.4 rebounds a game last season. Playmaker John Ed Miller, who moved into the lineup last year when the team got hot, will start with Schurig. The fifth starter will be Wayne Taylor. There is only one senior on the roster, so things are just starting to move at Vandy. An SEC championship or two, and people might forget they were trying to forget football.

19 **OREGON STATE** Mel Counts, the Beavers' All-America center, measures 7 feet, but apparently he does not believe it. Instead of using his size under the basket, he prefers to stand outside and throw up jump shots as if he were a mere 6 feet 7. This is like Sandy Koufax playing second base. Only occasionally does Counts try to play the Bill Russell-style, big-man's game that demoralizes the opposition. He is, more naturally, a corner man—a position he probably will play in the pros. Counts can shoot (he has added a hook this year), he has improved defensively and is steady under pressure. Though he wanders from the basket, he still averaged 15.6 rebounds last year, almost three times as many as anyone else on the team and 12th best in the nation. This year Counts's board work will be even more critical, for the Beavers have only two other men over 6 feet 3, and one—6-foot-5 Terry Dreisewerd—has been a disappointment. A junior college transfer, Dreisewerd has not been able to rebound the way he did against lesser competition. Similarly, another junior college grad, John Chambers, has found varsity competition a bit sticky. Chambers was the 10th highest junior college scorer, but is not shooting well in this company. Despite key losses from last year's fourth-place NCAA team, Coach Slats Gill starts his 36th year at OSU expecting more speed and better shooting, especially from his backcourt men, Jim Jarvis and Frank Peters. Jarvis was welcomed in 1962 with the kind of advance publicity usually reserved for Hercules movies. The buildup unnerved Jarvis—he averaged only 6 2 and rarely approached his potential. This time around he should be more relaxed and closer to form. Peters, on the other hand, was a pleasant surprise last year. He is a gritty player, not easily upset, and should improve with experience. Returning starter Jim Kraus (6 feet 7) was counted on to give Counts some rebounding help, but smaller sophomores Rick Whelan and Scott Eaton have won the two forecourt berths from Kraus and Rex Benner. There seems little doubt that Counts's senior season will be his best, but unless the backcourt matures quickly and the little Beavers get busy off the boards, Oregon State will be hard-pressed to stay on top in the West.

20 **UTAH STATE** Considering that the Aggies have no bench, Coach LaDell Andersen might be expected to treat his first five like Dresden china. On the contrary, he runs them, likes to see the scrubs slug them ("three fights a season is about right") and shrugs off scrimmage bloodshed under the boards as "just one of those things." For as much as Andersen would like to protect his regulars even from the common cold, they will have to learn to be tough to get through the season all by themselves. There is at least some solace in that the Aggies' best player, junior Wayne Estes, looks indestructible—a 6-foot-6, 227-pound cross between the village blacksmith and the spreading chestnut tree. Estes weighed 245 last year when his mother was mailing cookies from home in Anaconda, Mont., but Andersen persuaded her to send *him* the cookies this year. Andersen likes the cookies, and he also likes the streamlined Estes, who has more mobility but no less strength. He has improved defensively, too, and State needs defensive help. Between Estes and 6-foot-8 Center Troy Collier, offense is no problem. Collier scored almost as well as Estes last year (18.2 to 19.9) and rebounded better (11.0 to 9.4). They are the only returning starters from last year's 20-7 NCAA team, but they are a nice solid base on which to build. The Utah State offense is geared strictly to getting the ball to the big men so, naturally, the other forward, Larry Angle, is also a scorer. Senior Gary Watts, a sub last year, will team at guard with LeRoy Walker, a junior college transfer. Walker is only 6 feet tall, but he can jump 34 inches from a flat-footed stance. Andersen is so desperate for front-court reserves that Walker will fill in for the big men while sopho-

continued

more Myron Long steps into the backcourt. Long came along in fall practice to give the Aggies at least some depth charge anyway. The Aggies like to move and gamble on defense—they intercepted nine passes a game last year. They also like the fast break, though they are not as good at that. It will be a grueling year for the first team, but if everybody stays well Andersen's Aggies should get their third straight 20-win season and their third straight NCAA bid.

SOME SURPRISE PACKAGES

Though not as good as the top 20, all of these teams are interesting. Some will upset their betters in games this season, others will be among next year's elite as freshmen mature. They bear watching.

FLORIDA The Gators had morale problems last year, and high-strung high scorer Tom Baxley was dropped from the squad near the end of the season by Coach Norm Sloan. Little (5 feet 10) Baxley is back this year, though, and the whole team has returned to a sunshine state. Baxley and four others of the team's top 10 men are Floridians—products of the recent improvement in play in Florida high schools. But, as northern and midwestern coaches are beginning to find out, the Gators have entered the recruiting lists for good players everywhere. Florida will have a lot to say about this year's SEC race—the conference's four contending teams all play at Gainesville this winter.

KENTUCKY Adolph Rupp traditionally has viewed using a zone defense the way the W.C.T.U. views touching up tomato juice with vodka. But the Southeastern Conference—with slow-down styles, the shuffle and one-three-one offenses—is ganging up on the man-to-man. The Kentucky freshmen used a zone most of last season, and Rupp has changed his tune from "You'll never see a zone at Kentucky" to "Waal, maybe on the road." Home or away, he cannot hide the fact that he still has no big man. The Wildcats do have shooting, speed, depth and All-America Cotton Nash. They have a future in sophomores Tommy Kron, Mickey Gibson and Larry Conley. But Kentucky is still just a little, good team with a big, bad schedule.

LOUISVILLE As befits realists who will start competing in the murderous Missouri Valley Conference next year, Louisville will try to get the most fun it can out of this season. A new practice gym is almost finished, and the Cardinals have fixed themselves up with a comparatively easy schedule that includes 16 (of 24) home games. Louisville also has its first Negro players, and one of them, muscular sophomore Sam Smith, should be starting in the pivot after a few games. With him in an able front line are senior Ron Hawley and a dead-eye long drink of water (6 feet 7, 180 pounds) named John Reuther. The Cardinals should earn a tournament berth, then on to the MVC Shudder.

MINNESOTA The Gophers have not won the Big Ten title since 1937, when Coach Johnny Kundla was a star. Now, following the lead of Football Coach Murray Warmath, Kundla has started looking beyond the ten thousand lakes for help, and this year the homebreds on the roster will be joined by three out-of-state sophomores—Archie Clark, Louis Hudson and Don Yates. All are Negroes, no Negro has ever before played varsity basketball at Minnesota. These youngsters will lose games with typical sophomoric mistakes but will win others with the speed for which Kundla chose them.

NORTHWESTERN Larry Glass takes over as coach with one varsity guard, Davis Cupper Marty Riessen, in Australia and with two varsity centers limping on bad knees—but oh those kids! The freshman team is probably the best in the country. Freshman Coach Jim Bragiel turned on more charm than anybody else, and the Wildcats came up with five midwestern all-staters, including most-wanted Ron Kozlicki of Palatine, Ill. Still, with luck, the varsity will not have to lean on wait-till-next-year talk exclusively. Guard Rich Falk and Forward Rick Loposso can score, and if sophomore centers Jim Pitts and John Printen come through, the Wildcats could make a run at the Big Ten title. Pitts has the ability to stand out, but his interest in basketball seems a bit lukewarm.

OKLAHOMA STATE Four starters are back (one is back all the way to a reserve role) to give the Cowboys their best team since they made the Big Seven eight. Coach Hank Iba, patron saint of ball control, is so eager that he even admits to the heresy of longing to try a running game. He never had the horses till now, he says. Unfortunately, Iba's bench is too thin to risk it—he will have to retain his slowdown style most of the time. There is enough well-disciplined talent here, however, to battle Kansas State all the way for the Big Eight title.

PRINCETON Though Yale will supply some competition, the Tigers probably have the two best teams in the Ivy League. The varsity has All-America Bill Bradley, and the freshmen are already as good and soon may be better than their elders. Coach Butch van Breda Kolff has been more than successful at recruiting high-scholastic-average players—and next year the Tigers will be a bona fide national power. This year, waiting for the frosh, they are a vaudeville act. To show off Bradley to the alumni, the team is booked for three Christmas tournaments (only six other teams in the country play two) and for a one-night stand at Washington U in Bradley's native Missouri.

SYRACUSE The basketball outlook was so bad here until Coach Fred Lewis arrived two years ago from Southern Mississippi that Syracuse could not even give away basketball scholarships. The team lost 27 at one stretch, an NCAA record. Alumni felt disgraced. With Lewis, Syracuse went to 8–13 last year, and the figures should at least be reversed. Lewis has a spectacular sophomore, Dave Bing, and Chuck Richards, 6-foot-8 transfer from Army, among other goodies. The schedule is going national, there is another good freshman team and the town of Syracuse, which just lost its pro team, has something to be proud of again.

UCLA Except for Guard Fred Goss, who has quit to concentrate on studies, the whole Bruin team that won the Big Six last year is back. UCLA could repeat, but its lack of height again will make things tough. Flashy Walt Hazzard still leads the Bruins. He is one of the best offensive players in the nation and one of the worst defensive players on the Coast. As he goes, so go the team's chances.

WESTERN MICHIGAN In the Mid-American Conference the Broncos' little (5 feet 9) Manny Newsome has led scorers two years in a row and, despite the fact that a large percentage of the league's best players are back, Manny should win again. Western itself will have a much more difficult time beating out Toledo for the title. But anyway games are always fun with the Broncos, who run and shoot relentlessly and can scare anybody on those things called "given nights." Since Coach Don Boven's team plays one of the toughest early-season schedules in the country, chances for given nights abound. The Broncos could shake up Loyola and Notre Dame early, since they catch them both at home in Kalamazoo in December. **END**

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SMART MOVES BY A MASTER OF DECEPTION

Frank Ramsey once was fouled so quickly after coming into a game that his Celtic teammate, Bill Russell, commented, "Frank was still so cold he had to warm up before shooting his free throw." No one has ever been better at the art of suckering an opponent into committing fouls than this former All-America from Kentucky. Ramsey capitalizes on the fact that, by its rules, basketball is a non-body-contact sport. When contact occurs—even accidentally—the chances are a foul will be called. Free throws account for some 20% of points scored, so it obviously is more blessed to be fouled than to foul. While it is both efficient and ethical to lure an opponent into committing a foul, Ramsey takes this strategy even further, into the realm of gamesmanship—which may affront some concepts of fair play but is accepted practice in the most skilled strata of the sport. The spectator's appreciation will be enhanced by Ramsey's revelations on the following pages.

BY FRANK RAMSEY
WITH FRANK DEFORD

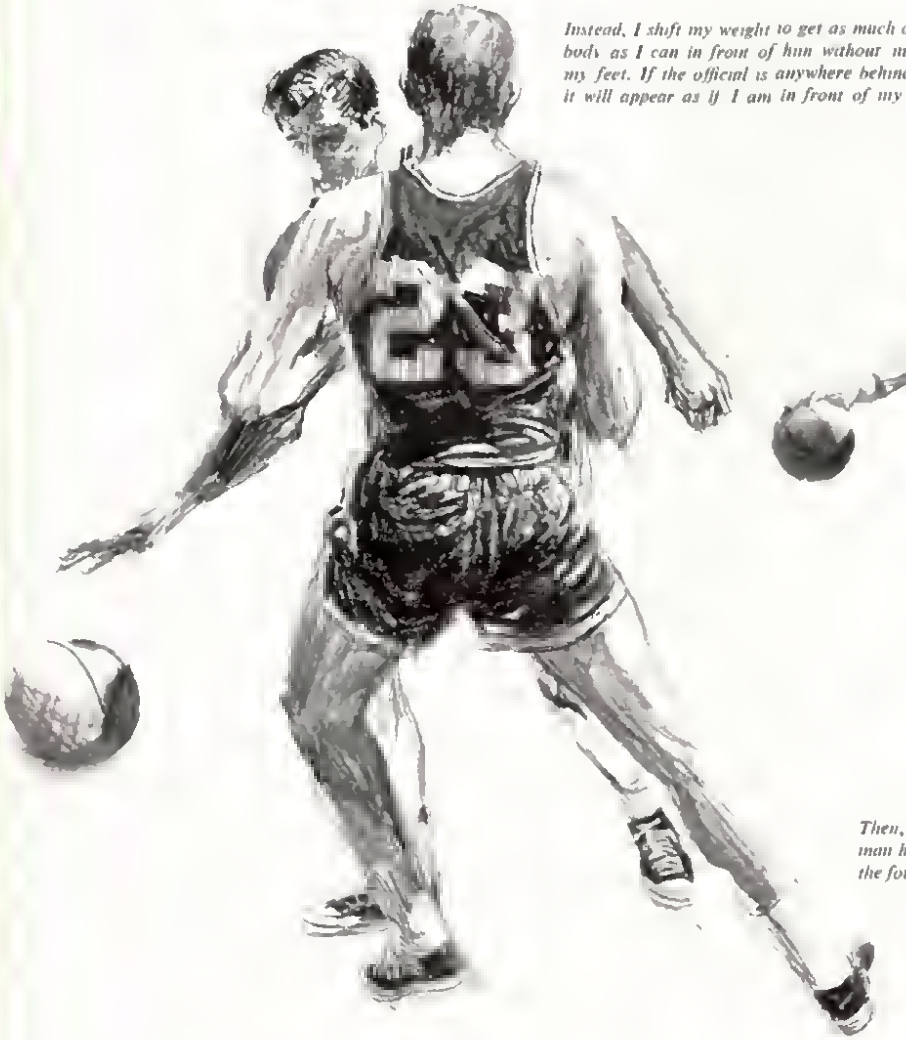
CONTINUED

WHY I FALL

Drawing fouls chiefly requires the ability to provide good, heartwarming drama and to direct it to the right audience. I never forget where the referees are when I go into an act. The most reliable eye-catcher is still the pratfall. Particularly on defense, when everything else fails, I fall down. Luckily, I happen to be type-cast for the part, because I have a peculiar running style—back on my heels, with my knees locked. It makes falling very easy and natural-looking for me.

I am beaten here. My man has a clear drive past me to the basket, unless I step in front of him—and that would be a definite blocking foul on me.

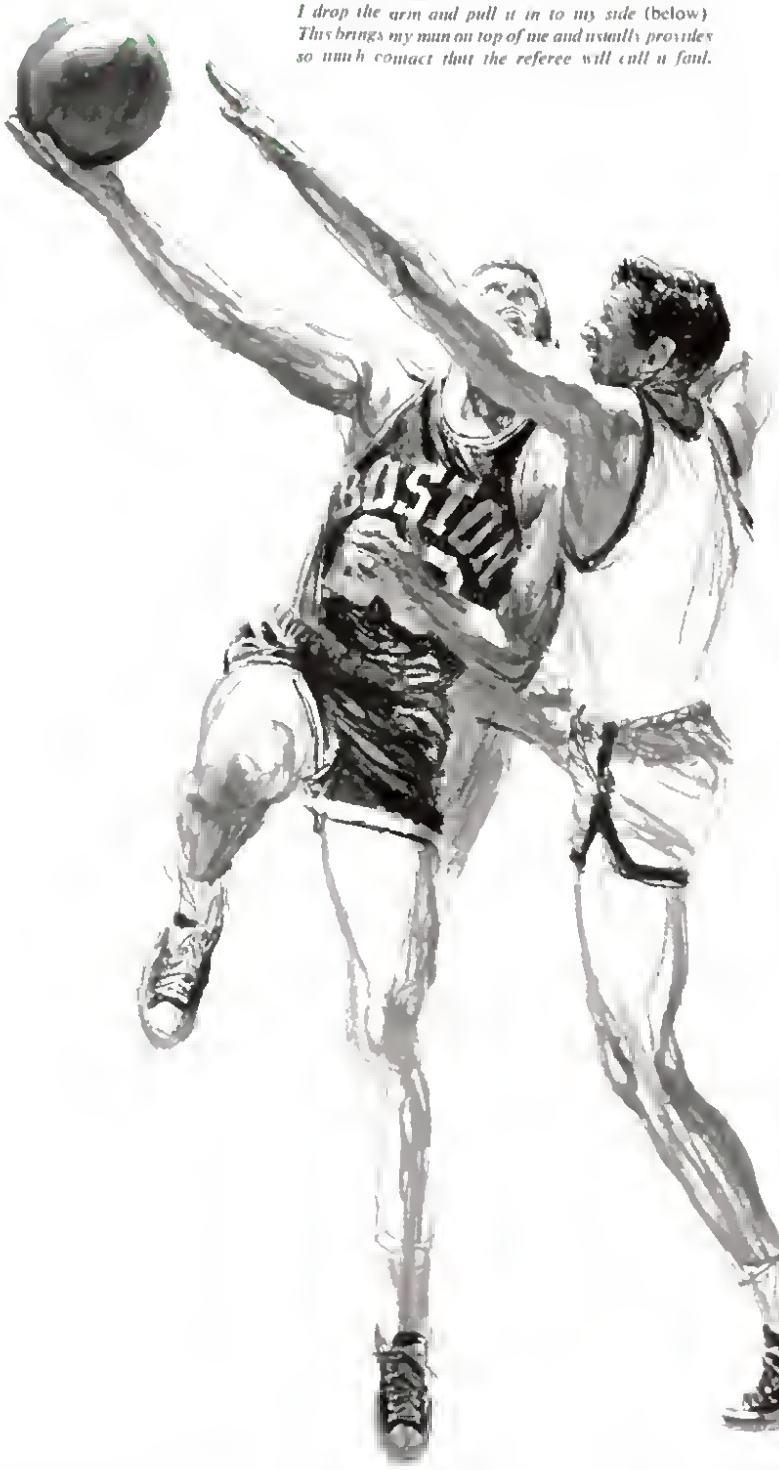
Instead, I shift my weight to get as much of my body as I can in front of him without moving my feet. If the official is anywhere behind me, it will appear as if I am in front of my man.

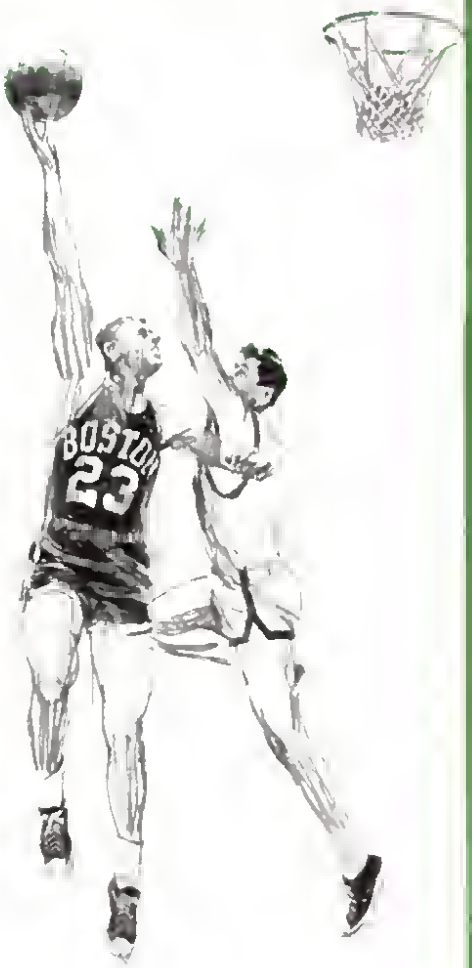


Then, at the first contact, I fall down—as if my man had charged right into me. With any luck, the foul I deserve will be called on the other guy.

DRAWINGS BY ROBERT HANDVILLE

The usual way to shoot a hook shot (as I am doing, right) *is with your nonshooting arm held up, elbow crooked. This gives you balance and keeps your man away from you. But if I want to draw a free throw, I drop the arm and pull it in to my side* (below). *This brings my man on top of me and usually provides so much contact that the referee will call a foul.*





A NEW HOOK

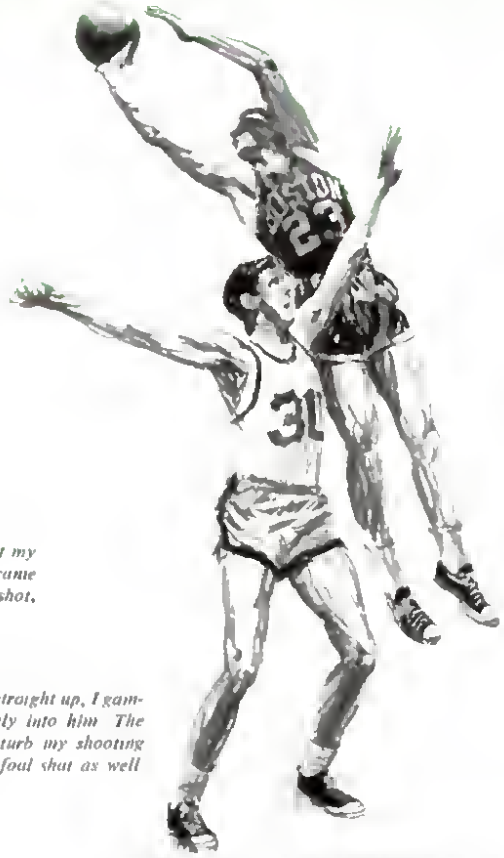
The most opportune time to draw a foul is while shooting, particularly the shots *in close. A guard or forward must be able* to take his man inside, as I have done here, in order to try a hook. But drawing fouls is not just a matter of making points. Getting opposing players in foul trouble will make them extra careful on defense and even force the whole team to change its basic style of play—always an advantage.

CONTINUED

I TRY FOR THREE

I am not afraid to take chances when I am shooting, because the way the game is played the officials almost always side with the offensive player in a tough judgment situation. When I try to set up a three-point play, the odds are with me.

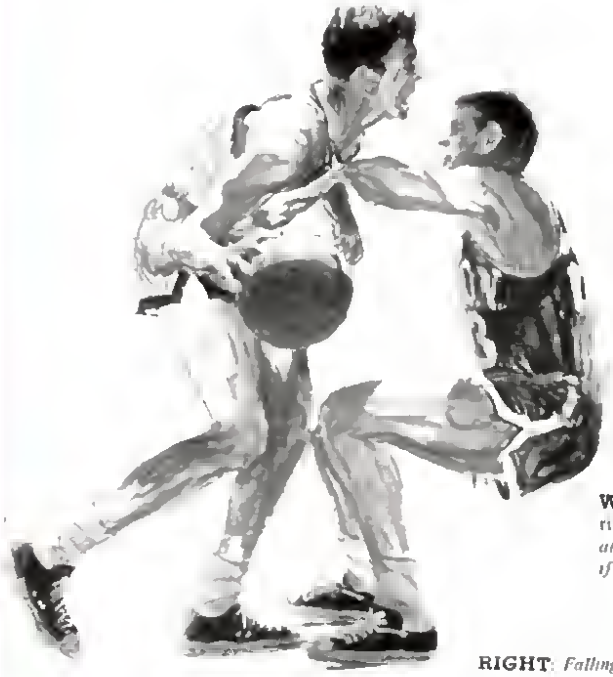
In this play (left), *I have faked out my man. He has jumped too soon and came down. He can't possibly block my shot.*



But instead of going straight up, I gamble by jumping lightly into him. The brush should not disturb my shooting and may earn me a foul shot as well.

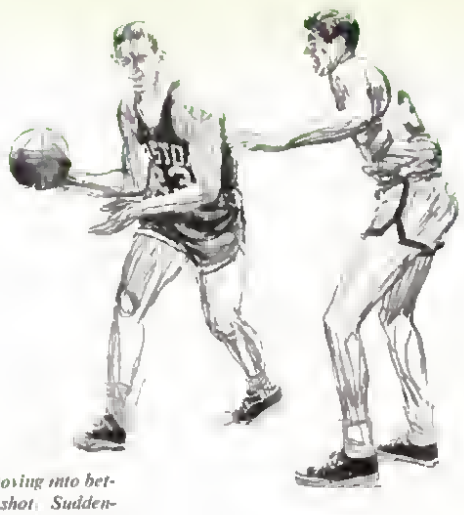
I MOVE TO THE REAR

When I am guarding the player with the ball and contact occurs, I forget pride. I don't hold my position, even if I am sure I am right. But if I forget and do stand my ground, I stand perfectly rigid. Even flinching counts against me.



WRONG: *I ought to get this foul* (at right). *But I should not have moved at all, because that makes it seem as if the defensive player is responsible.*

RIGHT: *Falling is always safest. Notice that I collapse at the least bit of contact. I react before the offensive man does, so that the blame appears to be his.*



I have the ball and I'm moving into better position to put up a shot. Suddenly, however, I change my course . . .

BUMP AND SHOOT

This ploy probably was originated by Dolph Schayes. Certainly he always did it better than anyone else. It utilizes reverse psychology on the referee. The man with the ball starts in good position but then creates the foul deliberately by bumping before he shoots. It happens so fast, though, that the officials believe the defensive man *must* have fouled—on the theory that nobody would be looking for trouble if he is set for a shot. It should be done very subtly, though, so that it does not embarrass an official. I never try to make an official look bad. If I must talk to one, I try to be polite and make him feel I'm on his side. This is an emotional game and the hotheads don't get the breaks.

. . . and bang my shoulder into my guard. I don't try to bull my way in. That would be an obvious charge. I just make contact, then step back quickly.

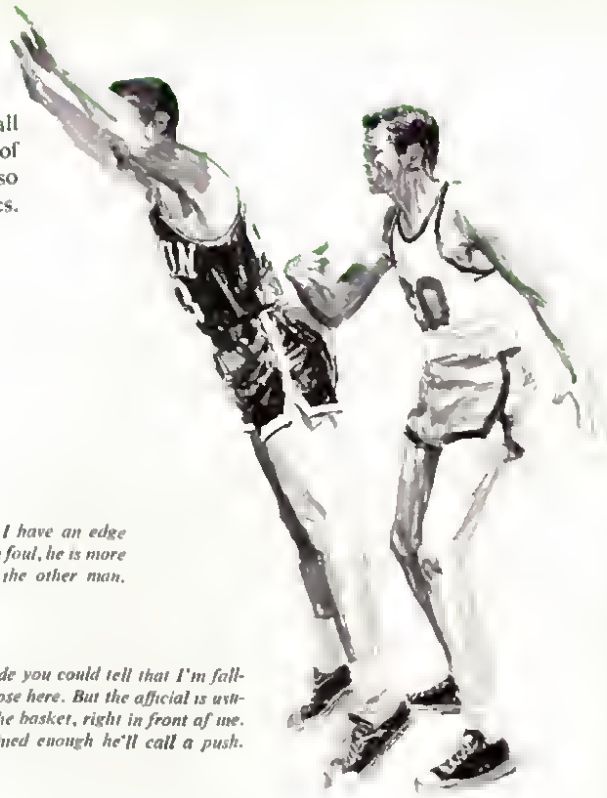
Then I shoot. Not only do the officials usually call a foul on the defensive man, but the contact helps me brace myself for a good shot.

CONTINUED

DEFENSIVE REBOUNDS

Under the basket a good actor has a big advantage. The ball is loose, we're all moving and there is bound to be a lot of contact. Naturally, the officials are looking for fouls, so it's a good time for drawing them. And for my dramatics.

I hold position here, so I have an edge —if the referee suspects a foul, he is more likely to call it against the other man.

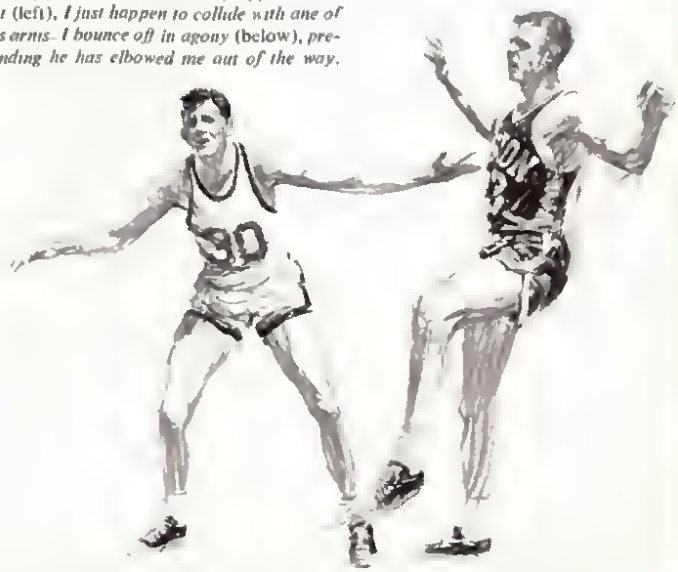


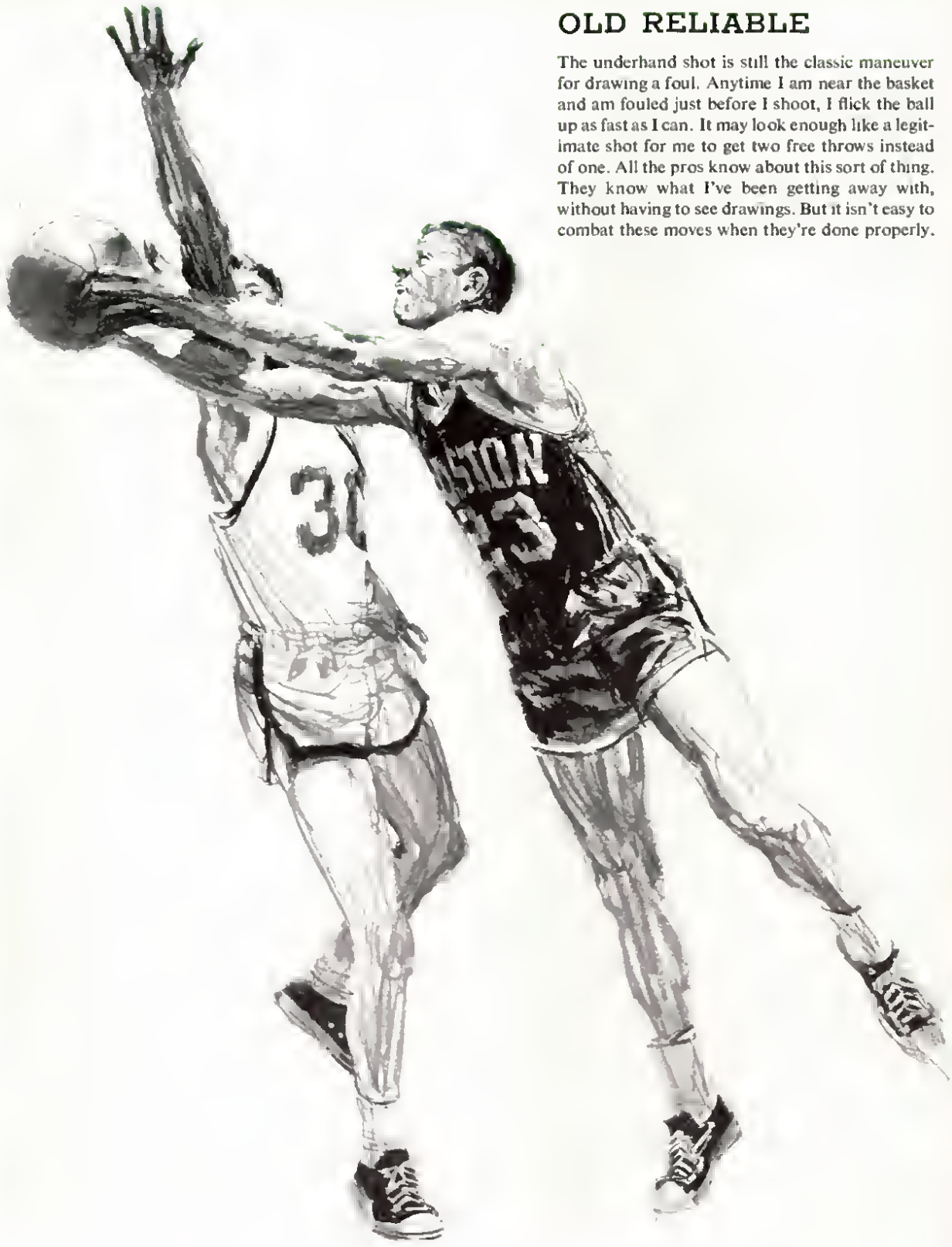
From the side you could tell that I'm falling on purpose here. But the official is usually under the basket, right in front of me. If I act pained enough he'll call a push.

OFFENSIVE REBOUNDS

In the situation above I *do* have position, so unless the ball takes a crazy bounce out of my reach I don't have to worry about overacting. Here, though, I am blocked out, and have a better chance to get the foul than I have to get the ball. Actually, I have nothing to lose in either case. I'm not breaking any rule, so the officials shouldn't call anything on me.

Cut off from the ball, with my opponent all set (left), *I just happen to collide with one of his arms. I bounce off in agony* (below), *pretending he has elbowed me out of the way.*





OLD RELIABLE

The underhand shot is still the classic maneuver for drawing a foul. Anytime I am near the basket and am fouled just before I shoot, I flick the ball up as fast as I can. It may look enough like a legitimate shot for me to get two free throws instead of one. All the pros know about this sort of thing. They know what I've been getting away with, without having to see drawings. But it isn't easy to combat these moves when they're done properly.

Maine's Senator **Edmund S. Muskie** is a fine hand at plucking a trout from a stream or dropping a black duck from the sky, but how, the Senator asked himself, do you get 24 live caribou weighing 400 pounds apiece from a corral at the foot of Mt. Katahdin to a new pasture 4,000 feet high? The answer: Navy helicopters—which, thanks to the Senator's pleading, this week served as wings for what were probably the first flying caribou in history. The first real herd to roam the Maine woods since the turn of the century, the caribou had come from Newfoundland by motor van.

To keep himself fit for the brisk liturgical arguments at Rome's Ecumenical Council, Bishop **Fulton J. Sheen** (*below*) was enjoying daily workouts on the tennis courts of Rome's Circolo delle Muse. "He is very *sportivo*," says the pro who plays daily with Delegate Sheen. "He has a fast service and he never swears after a bad shot."

More Hollywood than the movies, Los Angeles Angel **Robert (Bo) Belinsky,** who pitches frequent woo and an occasional no-hitter, became a limelight letterman at last. He got a C for celebrity in the new edition of Cleveland Amory's *Register* and launched a nightclub act of his own in Las Vegas. Characteristically, Bo sent himself a telegram: "Congratulations on your opening. I know you'll help us win the pennant. Signed, Yogi Berra."

Television's surly **Dr. Ben Casey** never studied medicine in real life, but as Vince Edwards, high school swimming captain and onetime New York state champion, he learned a few facts about physical fitness. They paid off when a disgruntled fan assaulted the 6-foot-2, 185-pound TV star in a San Francisco nightclub. He was anesthetized by off-duty Casey with a single right to the mouth.

LO SPECCHIO

Another championship of sorts was awarded to Mexico's **Rafael Osuna,** who has already proved himself the best tennis player in the U.S. Discussing the problem of tender tennis hands, Dr. Daniel Manfredi, who has long served as unofficial court physician to the royalty at Forest Hills, declared that the young Mexican "has the largest callus I've ever seen on a hand. It's almost the size of a half dollar and it's a quarter of an inch thick."

Stage fright can be just as paralyzing on the football field as it is behind the footlights, muses the man everyone knows as **Mister Abbott** (Actor-Director-Producer-Author George, that is) in an autobiography of the same name. But, adds the showman who was once (1911) a galloping halfback at the University of Rochester, "Both in football and on the stage it is the first plunge that petrifies. After the first moment a calm yet intoxicating excitement takes over."

With the same foolhardy courage he displayed in stepping into the ring with Sonny Liston, **Floyd Patterson** put on skis for the first time and took a tight-lipped, clear-eyed run at a Swedish slope. He went down for the count 12 times in a row. Dusting the snow off his ski pants, the former heavyweight titleholder (now training for a fight in Sweden) thereupon renounced winter sport for the comparative safety of the prize ring.

Tickled by Winner Carry On's sporting refusal to take the open ditch at Leicester's Quorn Steeplechase until the other horses had had a chance to catch up (after which he leaped ahead to finish first), England's second most prominent turf fan, **Queen Mother Elizabeth,** chatted merrily about the race with Jockey Fred Winter. "It sounded most amusing," laughed the ex-Queen as she dubbed the still distraught rider a Commander of the British Empire. "It was, ma'am," agreed Jockey Winter. "Afterward."

Recruited as a promising flanker by a group of Texas sports who meet every Tuesday night to play touch football, Kansas City Chiefs Owner **Lamar Hunt** proved a disappointment. After dropping his first few passes, rookie Hunt was demoted to blocking back. "Bad hands," he explained.

Refreshing reassurance that Stengelese is not a dead language at the New York Yankee clubhouse came from new Yankee Manager **Lawrence E. Berra** who discussed his reading habits for the press. "I still read an occasional war comic," said Yogi, "but I don't have time for all those new things they're coming out with—you know, those scary things. Them creatures, and all." And Yogi, when asked if Yoo-Hoo, the soft drink he is associated with, is hyphenated, replied (inaccurately) "No. Carbonated."

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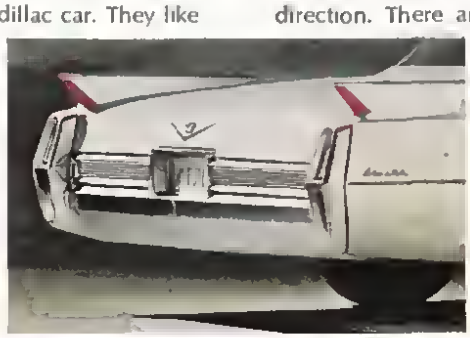

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When the tension is high and a par is needed, the ball should be punched toward the green's safe side (green shading) and well away from any possible danger zone (red).

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Profit and loss on a long, crucial weekend

From Starkville to Seattle, championships were settled. Surprise teams Illinois, Auburn and North Carolina were flushed with success; Mississippi State was just plain flushed

Just before the suspense became unreasonable and barely in time to get the guest lists in order for postseason parties in Pasadena, New Orleans and Miami, solutions to major problems were reached in college football last weekend. All major conference championships were at last settled after unsettlingly close races, and, with an exception or two, major bowl games were aligned. There was also a major ventilation of feelings.

In the dressing room of the Auburn team at Birmingham, Ben Benjamin, dignified president of the Orange Bowl Committee, put dignity aside, leaped up on a trunk like a cheerleader and brayed, "Now, boys, be prepared for the time of your life!"

Auburn did not quite win the Southeastern Conference championship, but it finished second by beating Bear Bryant's Alabama team for the first time in five years, 10–8, and rode the wind of President Benjamin's exhalations into the Orange Bowl to play Nebraska New Year's Day. Illinois, another unadvertised quality product, upset Michigan State on Thanksgiving 13–0 for the Big Ten title and a Rose Bowl spot opposite the Big Six's Washington Huskies, 16–0 winners over Washington State. Alabama's considerable consolation was the Sugar Bowl, where it is matched with Ole Miss in a concession to provincialism. Mississippi retained its SEC championship by coyly going for a field goal in the last period to tie Mississippi State 10–10. North Carolina earned a first-ever share of the Atlantic Coast Conference title and accepted a Gator Bowl invitation, its first bowl trip since 1949, by beating Duke 16–14.

Left hanging were Pittsburgh, an exceedingly attractive team beaten only by Navy, and Memphis State and Arizona

continued

TRADING MISTAKES. MISSISSIPPI STATE'S FISHER LOSES BALL HE HAD JUST STOLEN

State, who may yet meet in El Paso's Sun Bowl. Apparently left out was Mississippi State, whose young coach, Paul Davis, could not believe the inequity of it. "Our bags are packed—we'll go anywhere," he said as he appealed to "justice" and "fair play." The Gator Bowl has not entirely discounted Coach Davis' logic but is waiting another weekend before making a decision.

BOBBLE-HAWKING LIKE THIS BY ILLINOIS' BUTKUS (50) STIFLED MICHIGAN STATE

Serene in the 11th-hour frenzy was Texas, best team in the country all season long (SI, Sept. 23 *et seq.*). Texas had already secured the Southwest Conference championship and Cotton Bowl berth before its 15–13 Thanksgiving Day victory over Texas A&M. Cotton Bowl people pant for Navy as Texas' opponent but must await the outcome of the Army-Navy game and, if that is in Navy's favor, an official decision as to whether it would be proper for a service academy to play in a bowl so soon after the death of President Kennedy. Pittsburgh will gladly go to Dallas if Navy does not.

Before the season began at Illinois, there were some unappetizing suggestions made about the fair-haired scalp of Coach Pete Elliott (two-year record: won 2, lost 16), but the only evidence of his not being intact for the Big Ten showdown with Michigan State was the cast he wore on his left leg. Elliott explained that he had torn ligaments when cut down in practice by Halfback Les Feuquay. "And that," asserted an Illinois man, "is how eager this team is." Eager is hardly a strong enough word to describe what All-America Center Dick Butkus, shifting and stunting as a free-lance middle linebacker, did to State backs Sherman Lewis and Roger Lopes: Lewis was held to 58 yards and Lopes to 33. "Every time I looked up," said Lewis, "there *he* was."

Auburn Quarterback Mailon Kent got into the Alabama game only because Jimmy Sidle, most productive runner in Auburn history, injured his ribs in the first period. "I just wanted to help win one game, just one," said Kent, and he helped plenty by throwing an eight-yard touchdown pass to Tucker Frederickson in the third quarter. This, fashioned after Woody Woodall's 22-yard first-period field goal, represented all the scoring Auburn has done on Alabama since 1958. It was sufficient because End Howard Simpson and his buddies were on Alabama's mistakes like greedy children.

Washington Coach Jim Owens was so dismayed by the Huskies' 14–0 loss to UCLA two weeks ago that he demoted everybody on the first team except Quarterback Bill Douglas. The first team met every night in Fullback Junior Coffey's room prior to the Washington State game to consider its disgrace. Did it help? The first team scored all Washington's points, and the Huskies were in the Rose Bowl for the third time in five years despite a ho-hum 6–4 record.

Duke overcame a 13–0 North Carolina lead on Scotty Glacken's 70-yard pass and Jay Wilkinson's 24-yard run to push ahead 14–13 with 4:58 to play at Durham. But with 1:23 to go, the Tar Heels got possession on their 28. Quarterback Junior Edge hit Bob Lacey with down-and-out passes to still the clock. At the Duke 26, sophomore Max Chapman kicked a 42-yard field goal that cleared the bar by a foot and cleared the way to the Gator Bowl.

At Starkville, Ole Miss, trailing 10–7, drove 73 yards to the Mississippi State three-yard line with time running out. There the Rebels were faced with fourth down and dilemma: kick for the tie or go for the touchdown and victory. For an agonizing 20 seconds, as Quarterback Jimmy Weatherly stood looking to the bench like a man dying for advice, it appeared Ole Miss was going to abstain from doing anything. Finally Coach Johnny Vaught sent in his field goal kicker, Billy Carl Irwin, and Irwin got the tie with a 20-yarder and preserved an unbeaten—but twice-tied—season for the Rebels. Asked, after the game, why the field goal, Vaught snapped: "I played for a tie, that's why."

The year of the quarterbacks ended—except for mop-up action this weekend—quite appropriately: Quarterback Jack Concannon of Boston College went first (to the Boston Patriots) in the American Football League draft, Quarterback Pete Beathard of USC went in the first round (to Detroit) in the National Football League. Baylor's Don Trull set all-time major college records with 160 completions for 2,047 yards and still has a game to play, as do Roger Staubach, the most celebrated quarterback of the year, and George Mira, the most unfortunate. Mira's team caved in on him, from 7–3 in 1962 to 3–6 this year, though he completed more passes (148) for more yards (1,854) than he did as a 1962 All-America. He now stands third in total career completions and could pass Georgia's Zeke Bratkowski Saturday against Alabama. Then it's the North-South game December 21 and a duel with Northern Illinois' George Bork, the small colleges' finest passer.

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1 NAVY (8-1) 2. PITT (8-1) 3. SYRACUSE (8-2)

There was a time when Notre Dame's annual visit to New York to play Army excited wild passions and emotion among the faithful Subway Alumni in Manhattan. But last week, when ND came back to the big city—for the first time in 14 years—to meet the Orangemen of SYRACUSE, the Irish rooters among the 56,972 at Yankee Stadium were more subdued. One reason, perhaps, was that lately Notre Dame has been only an unreasonable facsimile of the old Fighting Irish. Despite a dreadful thrashing from the stronger and more adept Orange line, Notre Dame held a slender 7–6 lead going into the last quarter. Then Quarterback Rich King, blithely ignoring two Irish attackers who were clinging to him, threw a 35-yard touchdown pass to Mike Koski, and Syracuse squeezed out a 14–7 victory.

The Ivy League championship, a semiprecious bauble that enlivens interest among the low-pressure eastern schools, was kicked around like a dime-store ruby last Saturday. All Princeton had to do, after building up a 21–7 lead over DARTMOUTH in the first three quarters, was sit on the ball and accept the title. But the Indians went after the Tigers with Dana Kelly's passes and Tom Spangenberg's runs and cut the margin to 21–15. Then, with 5:35 left, Princeton's Cosmo Iacavazzi fumbled on the Tiger two. Dartmouth's John McLean ran over for the tying touchdown, Gary Wilson kicked the extra point, and the Indians won 22–21 to tie Princeton for the championship.

Meanwhile Harvard, which had beaten both Dartmouth and Princeton and could have won the Ivy title by merely vanquishing underdog YALE, instead got drubbed 20–6 by the Elis. Earlier CORNELL overpowered Penn 17–8 as Gary Wood scored twice and Pete Gogolak kicked his 44th straight extra point (a major college record). COLUMBIA, thanks to ubiquitous Archie Roberts, managed to hold off Rutgers 35–28.

HOLY CROSS, beaten six times, smothered Boston College's Jack Concannon, the AFL's No. 1 draft choice, and upset the Eagles 9–0.

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1 AUBURN (8-1) 2. MEMPHIS STATE (9-0-1) 3. MISSISSIPPI (7-0-2)

It was another one of those games for Miami's George Mira. He got the yards (309 on 25 passes) and the raves but, as usual, the other Hurricanes were less helpful. PITT's Fred Mazurek passed for 149 yards (10 for 18), ran for 146, and the Panthers won 31–20. But Pitt Linebacker Marty Schottenheimer was enchanted by Mira. "He fooled me just by pumping his arm," he said. "After a while I just got worn out chasing empty space."

While Auburn, Alabama and Mississippi were plucking the bowl plums, GEORGIA TECH tried its darndest to fumble away its game to Georgia. Billy Lothridge, however, would not permit such levity. He scored eight points, and Tech pulled through, 14–3. TENNESSEE Coach Jim McDonald watched his team beat Vanderbilt 14–0 and then learned he had lost his job. FLORIDA edged Florida State 7–0.

It was Big Thursday all over again for CLEMSON and South Carolina in their postponed game. The Tigers celebrated with a

continued

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24–20 victory. MARYLAND, too, finished on a happy note, putting down Virginia 21–6. VIRGINIA TECH ran only 39 plays to VMI's 81 and was outgained, 417 yards to 176, but Quarterback Bob Schweickert made the big plays, and Tech took its first Southern Conference title, 35–20. Quarterback Billy Fletcher and Fullback Dave Casinelli scored all but one of MEMPHIS STATE'S points as the unbeaten Tigers romped past Houston 29–6.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (7-1-1) 2. NEBRASKA (6-1) 3. OKLAHOMA (8-2)

MINNESOTA Tackle Carl Eller was married Wednesday night in a wedding arranged before the Wisconsin game was postponed until Thursday. As usual the Gophers spent the night at the St. Paul Hotel. As usual, so did Eller. Thursday morning, he arrived at the locker rooms still clad in full dress. Eller then, as usual, spent the afternoon throwing enemy backs around, contributing to Minnesota's 14–0 upset win.

Woody Hayes's manner of dress showed almost as much determination. Freezing temperatures and snow flurries greeted the OHIO STATE-Michigan game, but television cameras picked up Coach Hayes wearing a short-sleeved white shirt. With this example of resolution and fortitude, Ohio State quickly proceeded to fall behind 10–0 by fumbling at its own 27 on the game's second play and by allowing a 63-yard Michigan drive. Seconds before the end of the half, OSU got back into the game as Don Unverferth completed two long passes to Paul Warfield, the second for a touchdown. Unverferth rolled out for another score in the final quarter to give the Bucks a 14–10 win.

There was still no score when Kansas Fullback Ken Coleman headed toward the goal from the MISSOURI two. Then the ball squirted out of his hands into those of Mizzou's Vince Turner, minding his own business in the end zone. "When I first got the ball," Turner said later, "I didn't know what to do with it." He made a quick guess and ran 102 yards for a touchdown. Missouri won 9–7 on that and Bill Leistritz' field goal.

PURDUE held off Indiana 21–15, and OKLAHOMA beat Oklahoma State 34–10. More exciting was NORTHERN ILLINOIS' 21–14 Mineral Water Bowl win over Southwest Missouri, in which Passer George Bork threw for all three scores and completed 27 of 41.

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Columbia's one-man team, Archie Roberts, completed 10 of 15 passes for 153 yards and two touchdowns, carried 20 times for 125 yards and two scores, intercepted a pass as the Lions beat Rutgers 35–28.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: End Howard Simpson first separated Alabama's Joe Namath from the ball and recovered on his own 15, then caused and recovered another fumble on the 'Bama seven to set up Auburn's 10–8 win.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (10-0) 2. BAYLOR (6-3) 3. RICE (5-4)

Before TCU, TEXAS players had to take sleeping pills. Before Texas A&M, Coach Darrell Royal had to, because his players didn't. "Nobody was worried except me," he said. Taking a 3–0 lead in the quagmire at A&M, Texas held the Aggies to 23 yards rushing in the first half—and 54 yards passing, all of it in one fateful throw from Jim Keller to Halfback Travis Reagan. In the third quarter Keller lofted another scoring pass 29 yards to George Hargett. With 5:22 left, A&M was ahead 13–9 and in field goal position. The Aggies missed, Tommy Wade led Texas to the A&M five, and Duke Carlisle scored the touchdown that won 15–13.

BAYLOR used Don Trull's passing, which set records for completions (160) and yards gained (2,047), to beat Rice 21–12, and a still-somber Fort Worth gathering saw TCU defeat SMU 22–15.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. WASHINGTON (6-4) 2. USC (7-3) 3. OREGON (7-3)

All week long West Coast bettors interested in wagering a bob or two on the STANFORD-California game watched for the medical reports on Stanford Halfback Steve Thurlow, ailing with a deep charley horse. The odds went from pick-'em to three points as Thurlow's ailment improved. On Saturday it was easy to see why. Thurlow rolled up 126 yards and scored twice. Braden Beck added three field goals (from 36, 48 and 46 yards out) and Stanford won 28–17.

USC, out of the Rose Bowl but still anxious to save a piece of glory from the 1963 season, clobbered UCLA 26–6. With Pete Beathard back, the Trojans ran and passed for 530 yards. Beathard threw for one touchdown and ran for another. Mike Garrett slipped through the harried Bruins for 119 yards, and Ron Heller picked up 79 more. "I think we are as good as any team out here," insisted USC's Johnny McKay.

OREGON Coach Len Casanova's pregame oratory was so eloquent that one assistant coach said he had to leave the locker room to keep from breaking down. Quarterback Bob Berry was stirred, too. He completed 18 passes for 249 yards and two scores, and the Ducks routed Oregon State 31–14. ARIZONA STATE did not need any such urging for Arizona. Merely recalling three straight losses to the Wildcats was enough. Indeed, Fullback Tony Lorick was inclined to make it a personal vendetta. He scored three times, and the Sun Devils won easily, 35–6. Now Arizona must beat NEW MEXICO, which trounced Brigham Young 26–0, to win the Western AC title. **END**

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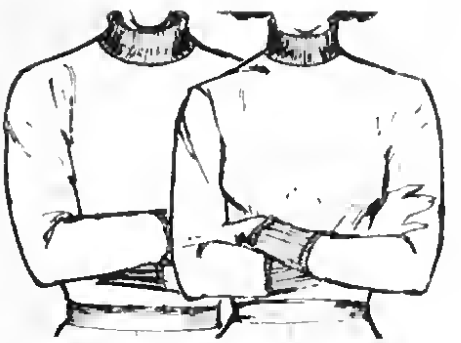

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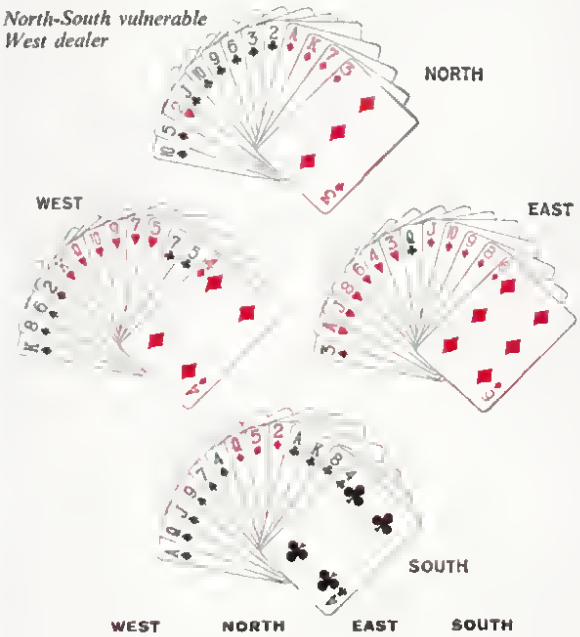
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Two uprisings in Caracas

A few weeks ago in Venezuela's capital city of Caracas, extremists were in revolt against the government at the same time that Venezuela's bridge team was trying to upset Argentina's domination of South American contract tables. Neither rebellion was given much chance for success, but whereas the political uprising was suppressed, the bridge revolt succeeded. Venezuela topped the six-nation field with its team of E. Lloynaz, M. Gonzalez-Vale, M. Onorati, R. Stragiota, R. Rossignol and its veteran star, D. A. Berah, with R. Benaim as nonplaying captain. The upset victory may persuade Venezuela to send its team to the World Bridge Olympiad in New York next May.

Shown below is one of the deals that contributed strongly to Argentina's loss to the new champions by the decisive margin of 180–74 International Match Points.

North-South vulnerable
West dealer



WEST	NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
(*A. Santamarina*)	(*Rossignol*)	(*M. Santamarina*)	(*Berah*)
3♥	PASS	5♥	5♠
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: king of hearts

Argentina's redoubtable Santamarina brothers put up a strong bidding barrage against their vulnerable opponents, and East's jump to five hearts was worthy of a better fate. West's opening bid had announced his hand as weak defensively; East's holding was sure to reduce the defensive value of what strength his side held in hearts. So East tried to make it more difficult for the opponents to get together in bidding the slam he suspected they could make.

Berah's five-spade overcall with the South hand is self-evidently correct. But North's decision not to bid for a slam is reminiscent of the story of the youngster reputed to be the town moron. Offered his choice between a nickel and a dime, the lad invariably took the bigger coin. One day a kindly neighbor undertook to explain to the backward fellow that the dime was worth twice as much. "I know that," admitted the supposed dimwit. "But if I took the dime, how long do you think people would keep on giving me my choice?" Rossignol strongly suspected that his side could make six spades. But he knew that if he bid it freely, the nonvulnerable opponents would sacrifice at seven hearts, and the profit might well be less than the value of a mere game. So Rossignol decided to accept the "nickel," reserving the bid for the bigger reward until, if the enemy saved at six hearts, it might appear that he was bidding six spades somewhat reluctantly.

South trumped the opening heart lead, crossed to the king of diamonds and finessed the 10 of spades. West ducked the trick so that when spades were continued dummy would not have another trump to ruff a second heart lead. But South had a six-card spade suit and was able to withstand another pump, draw trumps and make the rest of the tricks without difficulty when the queen of clubs dropped. Venezuela made six and scored 680 points. Theirs was the best result possible. Had they bid the slam, the opponents would have sacrificed at seven hearts and been set no more than three tricks, 500 points. Actually, when the Venezuela players held the East-West cards in the other room they were allowed to play at six hearts doubled, losing 300 points, so the winners gained 380 points, worth 9 IMPs.

EXTRA TRICK

The winning player doesn't try for the best possible result; he tries for the best result possible. Semantically, the difference may be small; in bridge it is apt to be great. **END**

A capricious Asian is a citizen at last

Almost killed by kindness for 50 years, the chukar partridge is now becoming the most prized upland game bird of the Far West

Exactly 70 years ago, in the rolling foothills of the Himalayas, a fellow named Blaisdell tangled with a game little bird called a chukar partridge. Nobody seems to remember why Mr. Blaisdell was wandering around the Himalayas or, for that matter, very much more about Mr. Blaisdell, but it is clear that the bird caught his fancy. So much so, in fact, that he returned to Illinois with five breeding pairs of chukars and lofty dreams of populating his native hedgerows with hundreds more.

Had Blaisdell suspected the ecological upheaval his imports were to cause, he probably would have brought home a man-eating tiger instead, for no game bird introduced into the U.S. in the last century has caused as much confusion, contradiction and controversy as the chukar partridge. And certainly no bird on the American hunting scene today is quite as contrary.

The chukar looks innocent enough. It is tastefully plumed and artistically turned out. Slate-blue feathers soften its breast, brilliant black bars stripe its flanks, and demure white underpinnings peek from beneath its tail—an impeccable ensemble accented by lipstick-red legs, beak and eye rims. Only a biologist can distinguish a female from a male chukar, although the latter, not unlike the males of many other species, has a somewhat swelled head. The chukar averages a pound and a half when grown, putting it midway between the bobwhite and the pheasant in size. In wariness it is a mile ahead of both.

ABOMINABLE CON MAN in feathers is the chukar—its wacky, wary ways camouflaged by artistry of plumage.

Quail and pheasants, for example, generally sit tight to a dog, conveniently waiting until the hunter gets within shooting range before taking to the air. The chukar will have no part of such foolishness. It knows full well that neither man nor dog is up to any good, and it makes no pretense of investigating further. Long before either reaches the spot where the chukar used to be, the bird has gone elsewhere.

It gets there by two distinctively chukar routes: the uphill dash and the downhill swerve. In the former the bird takes off on foot instead of on wing. Its choice may be based on location (how far down or up a mountainside it happens to be), on specific terrain (how steep or rocky the grade is), on the cover (how thick or how sparse) or, as is often the case, on what seems pure perversity. Whatever the reason, when a chukar begins to run, it can outdistance anything on two legs. It runs straight uphill, and the hunter who thinks he can catch up may find out that chukar-chasing is a shortcut to a coronary.

No less frustrating is the bird's downhill escape. Here the chukar does fly, as any self-respecting game bird should. But its flight is something else again. To begin with, a lookout bird frequently flushes ahead of the covey, careening almost vertically into the air with a loud chuk-chuk-chuking designed to startle the hunter into emptying his gun at nothing but air. As soon as the other birds decide that the hunter is out of shells, they take off, too. Like their lookout, they do so when they are well out of range—just in case an extra load of No. 6 shot still happens to be in the chamber.

Not that one shell would do much good. Besides flushing at anywhere from 60 to 600 yards, the chukar is an aerial acrobat of some accomplishment. "The only way to hunt them is from the top of the ridges on down," says Bob Shinn of Clarkston, Wash., who confesses to an obsession with the bird. "You usually can spot a chukar hunter—one leg is shorter than the other from all the downhill climbing. Still, this is a lot healthier than trying to chase them uphill. Chukars stay high early in the day, but around midmorning they move on down to the draws and canyon bottoms. This is the time to get a shot at them.

"The best way is with a couple of partners," Shinn continues, "each hunting parallel to the ridge, one above the other. If the birds run uphill, the hunter at the top gets a shot. If they fly downhill, the fellow at the bottom gets a shot. That's the theory. What usually happens is they all flush a mile ahead of you or sneak on back through your ranks."

A dog is more hindrance than help. Paul Shoemaker, a professional trainer from Seattle, tried setters, Labradors and goldens on chukars and finally gave up in disgust. With the pointing dogs, even close-ranging ones, the birds invariably flushed out of range. The retrievers all threatened to have nervous breakdowns. No matter where a Lab or a golden marked a downed chukar, it was even money that the bird would not be there when the dog reached the spot. Even when hit, the chukar always seems to travel a long way from where it falls before finally coming to rest.

"The only kind of dog I'd ever take chukar hunting again," says Shoemaker, "is a St. Bernard that would follow at heel with a 50-gallon jug of cold beer around its neck. That crazy bird is just too much."

Incompatible import

The chukar began causing trouble in the U.S. before a shot was ever fired at it. Between the arrival of those first 10 birds in Illinois and the opening of the first chukar-hunting seasons in Nevada and Washington half a century later, almost every state in the union got mixed up with this Himalayan import. From the Everglades of Florida to the forests of the Pacific Northwest, from the big woods of New England to the grape orchards of California, hundreds of thousands of chukars were released over the countryside.

They were planted in the lush plantation country of Georgia and Alabama where bobwhite quail grow fat and sassy on soybean, bayberries and lespedeza. The chukar wasted away and died. They were set out in the golden stubble of the Dakota wheat fields where another import, the ringneck pheasant, had become bold on the bounty. The chukar grew weak and died. They were tried in the game-rich cornfields of Iowa, in the catfish and cottontail climate of Missouri, in the grouse-filled thickets of New England. Minnesota alone liberated some 85,000 chukars over a period of years. Wisconsin released almost 20,000. Everywhere the story was the same. Other game bird populations prospered; the chukar vanished.

What chukars did not die of their own accord fell prey to just about every imaginable predator. Foxes, hawks, owls, raccoons, weasels and even indigent pet dogs added the chukar to their diets. In Minnesota, ordinary housecats managed to knock off 50% of one release with little more effort than it takes to lap up a saucer of milk. Not only was the chukar proving to be the most delicate—and expensive—import ever introduced into the U.S. but it also gave every indication of being the dumbest.

The real culprit, of course, was not the bird but Blaisdell—only nobody thought to blame him. Instead, his basic and incontrovertible error was blithely compounded. For Blaisdell's sin was not in bringing the chukar to America (indeed, this act warrants his eternal salvation) but, rather, in bringing it to the state of Illinois.

What conceivable similarity Blaisdell detected between the flat, humid Illinois countryside and the windswept foothills of the chukar's native Himalayas is a mystery that will doubtless remain unsolved. It is, in fact, only surpassed by the comparable mysteries of why such improbable places as Florida, Nebraska, Alabama and Wisconsin thought they, too, could offer the chukar habitat similar to its own.

For the basic clue that was consistently overlooked by everyone during almost 50 years of unsuccessful efforts to establish the chukar in the U.S. was the significance of the bird's origin. The chukar is one of 22 subspecies of rock partridge (*Alectoris graeca*) native to southern Asia. Thousands of years were involved in its adaptation to the particular environment in which Blaisdell found it. For the bird to survive anywhere else, it had to find exactly similar climate, altitude, food and terrain. Today this is a fundamental truth of game management. But as recently as the 1930s and early 1940s, when chukars were being thrust indiscriminately into cornfields and hedgerows, it was the single truth that everyone overlooked.

It is not hard to understand why. Who would suspect, for example, that any bird would flourish on unvegetated, overbrowned slopes—but would die in a field of lespedeza? Who would believe

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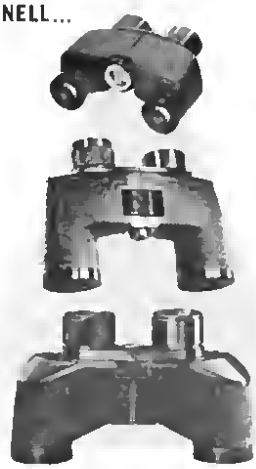

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HUNT STARTS ON HILLSIDE IN TYPICALLY

that a bird, by choice, would prefer barren rock buttes scorned even by mountain goats to the protection of a cozy thicket of multiflora rose? Who would conceive of a bird that turns up its beak at inviting water holes and deliberately seeks an area almost devoid of moisture? Yet these were exactly the conditions the chukar was looking for. In all the unsuccessful attempts to plant it across the country, the bird was actually being killed by kindness.

It finally found what it did want quite by accident. Along with the rest of the U.S., Nevada and Washington caught the chukar craze in the '30s and began releasing birds. Most of them went the way of their predecessors, but a few happened to land on steep, rocky talus slopes and semidesert scablands that reminded them invitingly of home. Here at last were the sagebrush and cheatgrass, rabbit brush and greasewood, bunchgrass and serviceberries scorned by other game but relished by chukars. Here were the rock outcroppings, cliffs and bluffs, the 45° slopes and the dry, open canyons that offered baking sun when the birds wanted it, and safety from predators. These areas were, in fact, so suited to the peculiar demands of the chukar that some birds traveled more than 50 miles to reach them. By the late '40s, when the bird was finally put on the hunting lists of Nevada and Washington, close to 100,000 chukars were harvested in a single season. At least three times that

RUGGED WASHINGTON CHUKAR COUNTRY

number, all stemming from initial releases of only 4,000 in Washington and 5,000 in Nevada, made it through the season unmolested.

The magic, though improbable, formula had finally been discovered. Today California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Oregon, Utah and Wyoming—states with arid, barren regions comparable to those in eastern Washington and Nevada—have thriving populations and long and liberal hunting seasons. After a half-century struggle simply to survive, the chukar in less than a decade has emerged as one of the West's most important game birds. Only the pheasant and the Hungarian partridge (SI, Oct. 30, 1961) of countless exotic species introduced into the U.S. have had comparable success, and the chukar's future is so bright that it may well outdazzle both these birds.

"The only real problem today," says Don Steele, Washington State game protector, "is harvesting enough chukars. We keep making the seasons longer and the limits larger [from September to mid-January in Washington, with a daily bag of eight and possession limit of 24] but we can't seem to put a dent in the population. Out here there are room and birds for 10 times as many hunters as we get, but a lot of people don't even know about the chukar. It is a sport that is just getting started. In another few years it will be the hottest upland hunting in the West." END

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continued from page 27

surmounting this particular barrier, I do not think it is significant in measuring a year's performance. It is a little like a runner breaking the four-minute mile now. He has company, and is going to have a lot more. This year two of us made it to six figures (Arnold Palmer won $128,230). Next year there may be four, and the year after that perhaps six or eight. The tour is getting so lucrative that many of the old yardsticks that were once used to measure a player's ability are no longer valid. To my way of thinking the only true test of a player's ability today is the number of tournaments he has won, not his scoring average or his place on the official money list. This is my goal: to win, not just money, but as many tournaments as I possibly can.

This attitude ties in with something else that I became convinced of for the first time this year. There is a special art or knack to finishing first that essentially means a great deal more than just playing well. This "ability to win" is something that has to be learned, just as much as driving or putting has to be learned. When I was an amateur I found winning relatively easy because in any tournament there were never more than four or five players who could honestly be considered as threats. The pro tour has dozens and dozens.

On occasion a pro will have such a big lead going into the last few holes of a tournament that he can simply play out the string and still win easily. But this is rare. Usually there are four to eight players who have a good chance to win right up until the final holes. More often than not, each contender has the shots and the experience to be capable of winning. I have come to believe that the player who most often ends up winning is the one who, in a sense, is least afraid of winning. He has learned the technique of being a winner.

This ability to win is very difficult to describe. Most people think that the best golfer wins. But there is more to it than that. It involves being able to think clearly under pressure. It involves being able to make your tension work for you instead of against you. Above all, it involves achieving the confidence to play aggressively for a title without worrying about what the rest of the field is doing, without counting on them to fold up when things get tough and toss the tournament gently into your lap.

The greatest master of the art of winning is, I feel, Arnold Palmer. He won seven tournaments in 1963. But do you know how often he finished a close second? Just once, in an 18-hole playoff at the U.S. Open. The lesson is clear. When Palmer is playing well enough to keep himself in contention to win, he wins. He seizes the chance when it is there, which is something that few of us can do consistently.

I am no different from many of the other tournament golfers in noting this art of winning as the most vital lesson to be learned on the tour. I have developed finesse at the short game and learned a great deal about putting and playing out of trouble in the past two years. I have even added the right-to-left draw to my game. But all of this knowledge is wasted if it cannot be applied when it is needed most. Sometimes I can apply it, sometimes I can't. I threw away the Crosby, but I still had the confidence to win a very tight Masters. I gave away the British Open in a beautiful reverse demonstration of how *not* to win, but still was able to come back and take the PGA. In short, I am still learning the technique of being a winner, but learning is taking time.

Tired and bored

I have often been asked if the players on the tour ever get tired of hitting a golf ball. The answer is that we do, frequently. A few, notably Arnie, can play well even when the game ceases to be fun and turns into plain, hard work. Most of us, however, cannot. When we stop enjoying the game we also stop playing our best. Unfortunately, not many of us can enjoy the game on a lengthy week-in, week-out basis.

This is partly because playing golf every day and traveling every week is extremely fatiguing. Some of the fatigue is caused by the tour's lack of variety. Each tournament is the same—18 holes of golf for four days—and the monotony can dull even the strongest appetite. The only thing that differs from week to week is the course that we play on and the amount of money we are playing for. Perhaps I am not experienced enough to judge accurately, but from what I have seen it might be a welcome relief if the tour's format could be changed from time to time. Why not have the players team up occasionally for a best-ball or alternate-shot event? Team matches are the most popular form of play at all country clubs, and it might be fun to find which pros fare best on a team basis.

Pro golf is growing so fast that the Professional Golfers' Association is going to need both sound judgment and imagination to keep abreast of the sport's opportunities. The PGA is meeting this week. Among other changes, it is considering the possibility of sponsoring four or five minor tournaments on its own to serve as qualifying events at which new players can earn their Approved Player cards. This would eventually increase the quality of players on the tour because all of them would have had to prove themselves in these qualifying tournaments.

Professional tournament golf is booming not just in the U.S., it is becoming tremendously big all over the world. The U.S. pro tour already has taken on a strong international flavor, and we can also look forward with some hope to annual major tournaments not only in the U.S. and Great Britain, but also in South Africa, Argentina, Mexico, Australia and Japan. These nations have proved they can support big-time golf. The $200,000 Carling World Open certainly supplies one hint of things to come. In 1964 and 1965 the event will be held in the U.S., but world-wide qualifying rounds will be conducted in an effort to build up a strong international field. Then, in 1966, the tournament is scheduled for Great Britain. A world tour of the best golfers is a distinct and very desirable possibility, but to achieve it the professional golf associations representing all of the world's important golfing nations will have to stage a summit meeting to work out a sensible schedule.

A few of us, notably Palmer, Gary Player, Bob Charles, Phil Rodgers, Doug Sanders and several others, have already played abroad. We have found that we enjoy it, even when the problem of travel gets hectic, which it can.

I was not much amused, for example, the day after the Portland Open when I found myself at the San Francisco International Airport about to leave for a series of exhibitions in Japan. I had my clubs and luggage. What I didn't have was my passport. My wife Barbara had accidentally taken it home to Columbus, Ohio. I sat in San Francisco an extra day waiting for it. And I well remember the minutes right after last October's fog-

delayed Canada Cup matches outside Paris. Palmer and I were driven at breakneck speed through the fog to the airport, where we were trying to get a plane to New York. We were two hours late, but fortunately had sent Barbara and Winnie Palmer ahead. They had somehow prevailed upon the airline—with promises that we would be arriving at any moment—to hold up the flight. When we climbed on board and took the only empty seats in the entire plane a lady passenger informed us we were quite lucky to have made it. Mechanical difficulty, she said, had caused a delay. Mechanical difficulties named Barbara and Winnie, I guess. Troublesome or not, it is the international aspect of pro golf, rather than the prize money, that I would like to see get added emphasis.

It is obvious that the prize money is going to keep growing, but I wonder if that will make much difference to the top money winners. A golfer's winnings sound like a lot, but they don't necessarily change his life a great deal. That I know. Pro golfers are like the owners of business concerns. The eventual profit margin, after expenses and taxes, is only a fraction of the total gross income. Take me, for example. I earned that $100,000 in official money, plus another $100,000 in unofficial tournaments and exhibitions. To handle my complicated financial affairs I need a business agent, who justifiably is paid a share of everything I earn, and a full-time secretary. My deductible expenses for the year come to between $75,000 and $80,000. In addition, I travel a great deal of the time with my family, certainly not a deductible expense. When the government has taken its share there is still plenty left for Jack Nicklaus, Inc., but it does not exactly allow Jack Nicklaus & Family to live like millionaires. Like anyone who gets a little ahead of the game, we are trying to make life for ourselves and our children as comfortable as possible. For instance, we are building a new home in Columbus. But materially our life has changed very little. We have the same friends, eat the same food, go out to the same restaurants. Except for the traveling involved in being a professional golfer, we live pretty much the same life that we would have lived had I remained an amateur golfer and sold insurance.

We are young, of course, and indulge ourselves occasionally. Early this year I purchased a part interest in a harness horse. It has proved a pretty good investment. My partners and I paid about $5,000 for the horse, Bervaldo, and were recently offered more than twice that. Considering the whacky propositions I get all the time, this investment is a model of conservatism. I have been offered opportunities to buy into everything from a desert weed—when boiled in water it produces a broth that is supposed to cure bursitis—to shares in an obscure California silver mine.

If I don't spend money on silver mines, I do on my favorite hobby, fishing. I now have a 28-foot boat, the *Busy Bee II*, and I hope it leads me to some marlin this month. Though prior to the Masters Tournament I did hook two dolphin, two barracuda and four cobia on one outing off Fort Lauderdale, Fla., my fishing luck usually is bad. Pretty typical is a trip I took this September after the Seattle Open with Barbara and our two-year-old boy, Jack Jr., to Stuart Island, Canada. For $300 we chartered a plane to fly the three of us up and back. For $200 we rented a lodge and a fishing boat. In two days, while limit catches were being reported at some other sites that I had rejected, I managed to catch two salmon. I had them smoked and shipped home to Columbus. When I got back there and opened up the box the fish looked spoiled. I threw them out. That was my year, bouncing up and down the whole time. I may have won the Masters and earned a lot of money, but I also blew the British Open and paid $500 for two moldy salmon. **END**

TROLLING FOR MARLIN, UNLUCKY JACK BAITS HOOK WITH DAY'S BIGGEST CATCH

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

GO GET 'EM, COACHES!

Hunting for tall, talented athletes, the college basketball coach becomes the sharpest-toothed tiger in the jungle

When Chico Vaughn of the St. Louis Hawks was a high school basketball star in Illinois and fancied by college coaches everywhere, Coach Chuck Orsborn of Bradley, in Peoria, persuaded him that Bradley was the place he ought to go to make educational hay and baskets. Vaughn, however, did not seem to be a youth of unshakable convictions, so a Bradley player was assigned to be his buddy until Chico had successfully registered and was in class. "Whatever you do," the buddy was instructed, "don't let Vaughn out of your sight." After three days, however, Vaughn's company began to wear, and his custodian stole out for a late date. Faster than a wallet grab, Coach Tom Blackburn of the University of Dayton materialized. Whisshhh! Chico Vaughn was on his way to Dayton before morning.

It was little comfort for Coach Orsborn that Vaughn skipped out of Dayton, too, and wound up, before he became too much older, at Southern Illinois. What did con-

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cern Orsborn was that where once he had a large plus (Vaughn) on his freshman roster he now had a large minus (no Vaughn), and the season for signing hotshot high school basketball players was practically over. One last hope was Chet (The Jet) Walker.

Walker, a Michigan high school star, at that moment was preparing to take the train to the University of Nebraska, where he already had sent his trunk of clothes. How Orsborn learned of this is not known, though it is believed that most successful coaches have occult powers. In any case, Walker says that when, en route to Nebraska, he stopped off in Chicago to visit a friend, there to advise him on the remainder of the trip was Coach Chuck Orsborn of Bradley. The next day a friendly police chief in Peoria arranged with a friendly police chief in Nebraska to have his trunk reshipped to Bradley. To Orsborn's immense satisfaction, Walker became an All-America; Vaughn became one of the better small-college players.

Not every story of a high school basketball player willing to allow a college to give him a $10,000 scholarship is quite so rich in melodrama, of course, and these two may have acquired a little extra as they made the rounds. But the significant thing about most tall stories of tall boys is that they usually illuminate the brilliance, ingenuity and clever footwork of the coach instead of the player. The reason for this is significant, too: there is no such thing as a successful coach who is not also a successful recruiter. Like it or not, recruiting is the essence of modern coaching. Bones McKinney, head basketball coach at Wake Forest, offers this illustration: "When I coached the golf team here one year I had for my six players the six sons of six golf professionals. The sixth man won a match by shooting a 66. One of the six was Arnold Palmer. Now, you can *coach* boys like that."

Every year, from April to September, thousands of high school basketball players are flattered, coaxed, poked at, preached at, catered to and won over by college basketball coaches who have checked and rechecked their height, weight, scoring average, intelligence quotient, medical history, boiling point, Rorschach, generator, carburetor and behind their ears. But the pursuit of the really talented ones is especially frenetic. "You play from November to March," says one coach. "But you win from April to September."

Recruiting is only as reprehensible as you make it, most coaches believe, and the better ones do not seem to mind it at all. "I'm a good recruiter," says Utah's Jack Gardner, "and I'm proud of it." Gardner calls it "the American way" —the competition of salesmanship. He once had a boy salesmanshipped smack out of the dormitory by a rival coach, and bit his lip a hundred times thereafter as the boy went on to make All-America. Another time he had an appointment in Arizona with a prospect, only to discover on his arrival that he had been preceded by a coach with a private airplane. The coach had the flighty boy off joyriding.

Generally, however, most of the infighting is done by innuendo ("You can't make their team." "You wouldn't want to go to a school *that* small, would you?" "Did you know they make you go to preaching five times a week?"). And most of the hysterics come from coaches who have just been scooped, not burglarized. Kentucky's Adolph Rupp confronted the Army coach at a Louisville cocktail party not long ago and threatened to call his Congressman because Army had won a very talented boy out of Kentucky —and out from under Rupp's very sensitive nose. It is not easy to forgive being scooped.

The boy who is hip to the routine contributes to the coach's wretchedness. He lets himself be indulged by every recruiter who makes a pitch. He is allowed by NCAA rule one expenses-paid trip to any school that will have him. One boy had been visiting schools every weekend for two and a half months when Bones McKinney finally got to him. " 'I'm seeing the country, Coach,' he told me," McKinney recalls. " 'Sure is big, ain't it?' "

In their quest, coaches send out detailed questionnaires, write hundreds of letters, make thousands of telephone calls. They make speeches at high school banquets. On visits to the homes of prospects they endure great gobs of cornstarch pie. They smile and nod through innocuous conversations. They sit pinioned in cramped high school gymnasiums and trust their eardrums to the screeching of teen-agers. They ride leaky ferries, stand in the rain, catch the grippe in the snow, laugh at and tell bad jokes, get lost on strange roads.

Tex Winter of Kansas State, a former Navy pilot who was provided with a plane by K-State fans to facilitate his movements, traveled 1,550 air miles in a three-day trip last spring. He saw seven prospects, table-hopping from Pittsburg, Kans. to Erie, Kans. to Mount Vernon, Ill. to St. Louis to Potosi, Mo. to Chicago to Milwaukee and back to Manhattan, Kans. "Then you have to be an actor," says Abe Lemons of Oklahoma City University. "You travel 900 miles in a rented car to see a couple prospects and you act like you just happened to drop in."

The successful recruiter knows moments of utter joy. When Kansas State's Winter signed Nick (The Stick) Pino, a 7-foot-1 Santa Fe, N. Mex. hotshot pursued by 83 schools, he unblushingly called it "the happiest moment of my coaching career." Later, when he lost a boy he thought was in the bag, he was desolated. "I never get used to losing a good prospect," he said. "It's different from just losing a game. You can't fight back." There are times of unanimous frustration: right this minute there is a 6-foot-7, 235-pound midwestern boy known for his remarkable ability and scraggly goatee—and his IQ of 78. At other times there is such a confusion of emotion that the recruiter does not know what face to put on. Winter and his wife recently visited a Missouri boy's father who was dying of heart disease. "Don't worry," the father whispered as Winter bent over him. "My son has made up his mind to go to Kansas State."

Recruiting technique varies from coach to coach and

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SHULTON

from boy to boy. "You have to treat 'em alike and deal with 'em differently," says Wake Forest's McKinney. McKinney is a Baptist lay preacher and turns the heads of mothers and fathers with his clerical rhetoric and hell's-fire-red socks. He is the down-home type. Tex Winter is more a jet-setter. Jack Gardner tools around in a Cadillac and is ver-ry smooth. Gene Gibson of Texas Tech is a back-slapping, percolating pitchman, handsome and winning.

One of a small but inexhaustible breed of free-lance recruiters is Donald (Quack) Butler, who lays technique aside and says it is all in finding "The Key." Butler, bushy-browed, double-chinned and immoderately devoted to basketball, is an Owensboro, Ky. broker who has sent upward of 100 players to colleges from Mississippi to Colorado (he calls it "finding a five-foot-10-inch hole for a five-foot-10-inch boy. Making 'em fit, admiral.") Butler says his correspondence is equaled only by Ann Landers', and his telephone bill has more digits than his telephone number. He is an expert on the backwoods country ("I know every man and dog on both sides of the Ohio River"), and he says there is only one fast rule: you positively "never storm into somebody's home and make a recruiting pitch sound like the Gettysburg Address. No, sir. You find The Key. After that it's easy as eating fried chicken."

Butler tells of the signing of Tommy Kron, a 6-foot-6 Kentuckian who had moved as a boy to Tell City, Ind. "When Tommy was 12 years old I watched him play Little League. I sent him a Kentucky brochure and told him he ought to think about going to UK. He wrote me back: 'Mr. Butler, I hope someday I'll be good enough to play for Kentucky.' When he graduated from Tell City High two years ago, every coach in the free world was after him. He'd go good in the Big Ring [Butlerese for major college basketball]. When I spotted him in the hotel lobby at the NCAA finals in Louisville, he was surrounded by big-name coaches. All I did was walk up to him, pull out his letter and say, 'How about it, son?' First he was stunned. You get the picture. Then he blushed and said, 'It still goes, Mr. Butler.'" Sophomore Tommy Kron will start for the Kentucky varsity this year—and so will three other boys, including All-America Cotton Nash, recruited for Adolph Rupp by Quack Butler.

If there is a surefire advantage in recruiting, it goes to those who know the cut of a prospect's jib, right down to the last thread. Coach Vic Bubas of Duke is often called the outstanding recruiter in the business—and other things, too, by those he outrecruits. He keeps his trail well covered. But in a casual test of reconnaissance he reveals an astounding knowledge of the landscape and what is on it. Sitting in a hotel lounge with a coaching friend one night, Bubas submitted to a modest wager. The friend described a high school prospect: "Six feet 8, great hands, mother and father divorced, sister likes Fanny Farmer cherries." Bubas had to name him: "Ezra Bekeldorf, Dyspepsia, Ill." "Right," said his friend.

This went on for 10 minutes more—Bubas unerringly

How far into the sticks a coach is willing to go may determine his success in life—if he can find his way back.

putting the scraps of information together—until his friend described a boy 6 feet 10, 240 pounds, averaged 32.1 points a game, an orphan with one gold tooth in front. Bubas scowled. Finally he said, "There is no such person." "Right," sighed his friend.

A basketball coach is considerably more alone in his search than the posse of coaches that goes out after the school's football material every year, but he is helped some by alumni, by newspapers, former players, free-lancers like Butler, by accommodating high school coaches and by a publication known as *Bones*, a graded line on hundreds of high school athletes published strictly for coaches by Dave Bones Publications of Toledo. In the end, however, he must win his prize face-to-face, and usually in the boy's home or home town. At this crucial confrontation the coach conducts the services, because he is, after all, the coach. But all the letters written and the miles traveled are as time wasted if he overacts, undersells, develops conversational paralysis or uses the wrong fork.

On a day last spring, four prominent college coaches went out to make what they hoped would be that final successful pitch—Gene Gibson of Texas Tech, young and emotional; Bones McKinney of Wake Forest, older, wiser, more relaxed; Jack Gardner of Utah, smooth as apple butter, Tex Winter of Kansas State, a class entry. Each had picked out a boy he calculated would make a major contribution to the varsity in the next two or three years.

Tex Winter drove the 120 miles from Manhattan to Kansas City, Mo. in a one-year-old Chevrolet that belonged to the school's athletic department and had already given 63,000 miles to the cause. His wife, Nancy, was along on this trip, indicating a major campaign. "A great asset," said Tex. "She helps me get across to parents that a college coach is a family man, too."

They checked into the Hotel Muehlebach, and Nancy

continued

went off to scout the display windows of Harzfeld's. When she was gone, Winter loosened his tie and sprawled across the bed with a pile of file cards. The card he held out was that of Ron Franz, age 17, 6 feet 5, forward, 20-point average, Ward High School. Franz was still growing and was the best prospect in the area. Winter had already sent Ron Franz applications for admittance to the school and a grant-in-aid (scholarship), had phoned him twice and had made a dinner date for the evening.

Nancy returned with a new pair of earrings ("my special weakness," she said) and they headed for the Franz home. It was on a small street where the houses clung together—neat, freshly painted, the best-kept house on the block.

Mrs. Franz and Ron, dressed conservatively in dark clothes, were waiting. Mrs. Franz was conciliatory and at ease. Ron was as stiff as a palace guard. To warm the air, Winter asked him if he played baseball. Ron said he did not, that he had little talent for the game. Winter observed that Ray Sadecki of the Cardinals had attended Ward High, too. Ron seemed interested. They talked Sadecki across town to The Golden Ox restaurant, best known of Kansas City's edge-of-the-stockyards steak houses and a favorite of people like Mickey Mantle and Al Lopez.

Winter urged a 16-ounce top sirloin on Ron and anybody else who had the courage. "Don't hold back," he said. Everybody ordered steaks, not holding back. Tex asked Ron if he had a girl friend. Ron shook his head. "I'm his best girl," Mrs. Franz said archly. Ron's best girl then went on to say that 18 schools were after her son. "They won't let him alone," she said. "Why, just the other night in a couple hours he had phone calls from six schools." Ron said he already had visited Michigan State and St. Benedict's and was going to Colorado next weekend. "Don't you think you'll just get confused if you visit too many campuses?" asked Winter.

The steaks came and drew immediate attention. Tex cut into his and said offhandedly, "You know, Ron, when we go on basketball trips we arrange our travel schedule so we can come back through Kansas City and take in the big buffet they serve here at the Ox every Sunday. But that's not all," he continued. "A bunch of our graduates gives us a whole steer every year. We get beef like this regularly at our training table."

Winter turned to Mrs. Franz. He said he had been told that Ron's father was dead. Mrs. Franz nodded. "Eleven years ago," she said. She had gone to work to support Ron and his two older sisters and was now head of the camera department at one of the downtown Kansas City drugstores. Nancy Winter broke in to point out that Tex's father had died when he was 11. "Tex's mother went to work and raised Tex and three other children."

Conversation drifted into two parts. Nancy talked jobs, grandchildren and dogs with Mrs. Franz, and Tex slid his ice cream closer to Ron's. "I've just about decided," he said quietly, "to offer scholarships to about eight boys. You're one of the three forwards I'd like to have. Your skills fit our style of play. Frankly, it takes an exceptional sort of player to be a starter as a sophomore, but I know you're an exceptional player." Ron nodded, gratified. "We think we have more to offer in basketball than any school anywhere," Winter continued. "Over the last 12 years more fans have watched Kansas State play at home than any other school in the country. We have three full-size practice courts, plenty of room for individual attention. And you won't find any night practice for freshmen, either. You'll have plenty of time to study. What is it you want to be? A certified public accountant? Well, we've got a fine and growing business school."

Driving back to the Franz home, Tex talked of how hail-and-well-met the fellows were at Kansas State and how lasting friendships were born there every day. Nancy Winter said that they often had players living with them. The car reached the Franz house, and everybody got out and stood around under a streetlight. Tex said he would make reservations for Ron's trip to Manhattan

in April, "We'll put him in one of our Catholic fraternities, and he'll be able to get to Mass on Sunday morning," he said. He turned to the car. "Just a minute now—I want to sign this for you." He began scribbling in a book, *The Triple-Post Offense*—by Tex Winter.

Ron, his sister and brother-in-law visited the Kansas State campus in April. Mrs. Franz stayed home. On May 25 *The Kansas City Star* reported that Ron Franz had signed a grant-in-aid to go to the University of Kansas, the archrival of Kansas State. Tex Winter called it "a lasting disappointment."

It was raining in Dallas, and Coach Gene Gibson of Texas Tech was out in it. He stood in front of the small, single-story brick house belonging to Robert Glover, a Dallas bus driver. Glover's son, Bob, was big like his father, 6 feet 7, 225 pounds and, furthermore, had averaged 20-points-plus a game for Thomas Jefferson High. Bob was much admired by Coach Gene Gibson, but Gibson could not get in out of the rain to tell him so because Mr. Glover was limiting the sales talks to one at a time and another coach was already inside with Bob. The glow of the runway lights of Love Field could be seen from the front yard. They were red.

A television man joined Gibson on the lawn. He had been tipped that basketball hero Bob Glover, sought by 50 schools, was about to make his decision. Mr. Glover, tall, light-haired, himself an ex-basketball player, said, "The boy is really up in the air about this thing. He's in there now talking to Archie." Archie Porter had been Glover's coach at Jefferson High School. A friendly, estimable man, Porter was now an assistant coach at Texas A&M. He was also the Glovers' next-door neighbor. There was anticipation at Texas A&M that getting Porter on the coaching staff was getting Bob Glover on the dotted line as well.

Conversation turned lightly to the rain and its benefits to the corky Texas soil. "It's not benefiting me much," said the TV man, bringing up his lapel collar and his susceptibility to head colds. He tried to look past Mr. Glover into the living room but could see nothing beyond the edges of the venetian blinds. Gibson faced him. "How would you feel if your son definitely wanted to go to a certain school?" he asked, so that Mr. Glover would know whose interests Gibson was looking out for. "Could you see any reason for him visiting anywhere else?" The TV man laughed nervously.

The rain came harder. Gene Gibson squirmed. "Well, let's get in out of the rain," he said and made for the door. Mr. Glover relented. "I think they're about through in there now, anyway," he said. Gibson told the TV man to run out and get his camera. "We'll be ready to shoot the signing in a jiffy."

With the new arrivals, the tiny, spotless living room became cramped with people. The furniture in the room was modern, or had started out to be before funds ran out. The light from a red table lamp made everybody look flushed. Archie Porter, balding, moisture glistening on his forehead, poured himself a glass of water and suddenly stood up. "All I'm asking you to do, Bob, is go down and look over the Texas A&M campus first," Porter said to the boy. "You owe it to yourself and your future to compare the schools." His voice held the exasperation of a man who had been a very long time trying to make a very elementary point. Bob Glover, crew-cut, good-looking, stoop-shouldered, put his hands in his cotton pants and took them out again. "Bob," said Gene Gibson, "you already *know* what you want to do."

There was a long silence. Everyone seemed to be walking in water up to his hips, though they were all standing still. Bob Glover's pretty, gray-haired mother could be seen through a doorway. She was red-eyed. The boy began to pace, slapping at the door frame as he moved back and forth. As he walked by, Gibson patted him on the arm. "I know it's tough for you, son," he said. "It sure is," said Bob. "I just don't know what to do."

Gibson hopped up to the table and laid out his papers. "Sit right down here, then, Bob, and sign your name," he said. "And you, you get your camera ready,"

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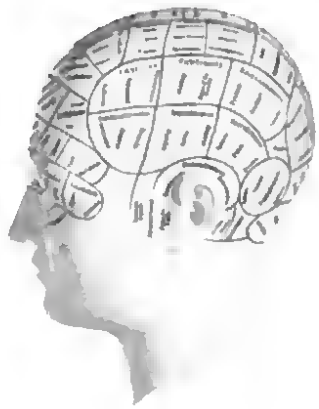

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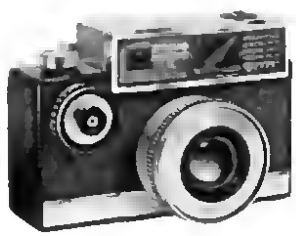

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he told the TV man. Nobody moved.

Finally Bob stirred. "Dad, I want to talk with you alone." They went into a bedroom. Archie Porter turned to the TV man. "I tell you, I'm shook," he said. "A lot of people are counting on me. I'm new to this game, but I tell you I'm learning fast. If he'd just come down and look at our school first . . ." He paused. "This is my first real challenge as a college coach, and it looks like I'm about to flub it."

Bob Glover reappeared with his parents. His mother had been crying and was the most upset of the three. "I've made a decision," Bob said. "I'm going to sign right now. With Texas Tech." Archie Porter jumped to his feet as if struck right in the bottom of his chair, but Gene Gibson beat him to Glover's hand. "Congratulations, son," said Gibson. The defeated Archie Porter took his protégé's arm. "Best of luck, Bob," he said. "I want you to know I'm with you always. Now, if you'll excuse me, Mr. and Mrs. Glover . . ."

In the cascade of relieved conversation that invariably follows a tense decision reached, Bob said he had liked Texas Tech from the start. He said he was not a good student and was pleased that Gibson had a full-time academic coach. "He'll see to it you make your grades," said Gibson. Bob said he liked the town of Lubbock, too—"friendliest people I've ever seen"—and thought the coliseum where Tech plays was the nicest he had been in. Eventually he uncoiled from his easy chair and went over to the table to cut himself a big slice of banana cake. "Good cake," he said. Mrs. Glover said that it had been sent over earlier by Archie Porter.

Horace (Bones) McKinney describes himself as a manly sort of fellow "muscled up like a clothesline," a man convinced that flying is the Devil's way to get him, and a man given over to his fat temper. "When I had Len Chappell at Wake Forest in 1960," he says, "I got mad at him one day at practice and ran up screaming, 'Leonard, do you know I can whip you?' He outweighed me about a ton and a half. 'Yessir,' he said. 'That's not true, Leonard,' I said, 'and don't let me ever catch you lying to me again.' "

Above all, however, Bones McKinney finds Bones McKinney to be a man who truly likes people—"I have six children, and you almost have to like people to have six children." The converse, as it would naturally follow, is that people like Bones McKinney. As an old eagle scout (11 years at Wake Forest), his forays into the field for fresh talent have been known to make a man wonder just who is recruiting whom.

There were two prospects McKinney considered must-gets last spring. In quest of one of them, Jim Boshart of Walt Whitman High, Huntington Station, Long Island, the coach rented a car in New York City, picked up one of his former players, Dave Budd of the Knickerbockers, whose sister is married to McKinney's son, and headed out to Long Island. He took Budd along for company, he said, "and because this boy reminds me of you, Dave. Except he talks. You said about two words a season when you came to Winston-Salem."

Jim Boshart was of a type coaches like to wish on themselves: 6 feet 5, 220 pounds, 23-point average, an honor student aiming for a degree in political science. His father, Jim Sr., is vice-president of the Franklin National Bank of Long Island. When somebody asked McKinney to describe the appearance of the Boshart home later, he said, "It looked like I wanted it."

Jim had visited a dozen schools and had made a weekend trip to Wake Forest. McKinney believed he was "leaning." Illinois and Memphis State were contenders, he said, but not enough to tense up the old clothesline. At the Boshart house, McKinney quickly relaxed into a chair, his spidery limbs working at wild angles, his brilliant red socks lighting up the dark corners. The Bosharts hung on every word, smiling and nodding and obviously impressed. The atmosphere was totally casual.

"At Wake Forest, Jim will never be just a number," said the coach.

"Will I get all I want to eat?" Jim asked, grinning.

"Oh, I think you'll manage. You met Ronnie Watts. We're always afraid he's going to eat the trays, but he gets by."

Jim said he had found the campus "very friendly."

"Well, you really get to know your friends on game nights," said McKinney. "In our small gym, the folks come and sit right on your shoulder. Did I

continued

Once inside, a recruiter can score by admiring mom's apple pie while an ex-player of his regales the recruit. Outside looking in, an impatient coach.

Just a minute! That's a '64 Corvette Sting Ray those two deserted to go perch on an everyday old rock and gaze at the piney woods! Ah well, love is seldom rational. Saner souls would harken to Corvette's windswept '64 styling, clean as the Sport Coupe's new one-piece rear window. They'd take to that dressed-up interior—new simulated walnut-rim steering wheel, new instrument faces, redesigned center console, an interior ventilator in Sport Coupe models to boost air circulation. People with both feet on the ground would hoist them aboard to sample Corvette's quieter, smoother ride; the muffled thunder of a V8 in one of four versions up to 375 hp*; or the joys of a new 4-speed manual transmission*, improved standard 3-speed or Powerglide automatic*. Clear thinkers know there are two Corvettes, the Sport Coupe above and the Convertible, plus a long list of comfort, convenience and performance options. No use telling all this to that Sweet Young Thing and her swain. Anyway, *you're* the one that we—and your Chevrolet dealer—are really interested in. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan. *OPTIONAL AT EXTRA COST

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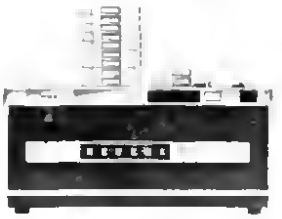

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Peoria	Beverly Bros Music
River Grove	Polk Bros
Rock Falls	Rock Falls Camera Center
Rockford	Camera Craft, Inc
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Rock Island	Van Goor's
Sterling	Sterling Camera Center
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tell you we're scheduled to play in the Garden, year after next?"

Mr. Boshart nudged his wife. "We'll catch *that* one, won't we, Mother?"

The Bosharts took McKinney out to show him the huge back porch. Jim stayed back to ply Dave Budd with questions about the pros ("Can Chamberlain really press 300 pounds?").

"You'll have to watch that boy," said Mr. Boshart. "He's lazy."

"It's the sure sign of a good competitor," said McKinney. "He's strong, like Dave there. In fact, he looks just like Dave did when he came to Wake Forest. I understand that he's quite a creative athlete."

"I saw him go 50 yards for a touchdown once," said Mr. Boshart, "and he looked like he was just coasting. Four or five schools said they wanted him just for football."

"Well, let's not spread that around," said McKinney.

"Jim told me of all the trips he'd made and all the people he'd met there was none he liked better than Coach McKinney," said Mr. Boshart.

"'Coach McKinney, he's the greatest' is what he kept saying over and over," said Mrs. Boshart.

Before very much longer, there was a gathering around the coffee table on the porch and Jim Boshart signed a Wake Forest grant-in-aid.

"I'm real proud of this," said McKinney. "I can assure you he'll be happy from the day he arrives."

"Don't forget," said Mr. Boshart, "I don't want him to play football."

"You don't have a thing to worry about," said McKinney.

Later that week, Bones McKinney signed his other must-get prospect to a Wake Forest scholarship. "Some years," he said, "are like that. Thank the good Lord."

East of Ogden, Utah is the hamlet of Huntsville and the home of 18-year-old Greg Harrop. From the Harrop house to the campus of the University of Utah it is 46 miles as the white air-conditioned Cadillac flies—the one with the blue-leather upholstery belonging to Utah Coach Jack Gardner. After a time, said Morris Buckwalter, Gardner's assistant, you could "just point the car north on U.S. 91 and it would automatically wind up at Harrop's front door."

Greg Harrop, 6 feet 2 a slick backcourt player at Ogden's Weber High, was the best little man Gardner had seen in 10 years of scouting. He had been informed of Harrop by Arnie Ferrin, a former Utah star, and after a number of contacts invited the boy to the Gardner home on Michigan Avenue in Salt Lake City. The Gardners' picture window overlooks the Bonneville Golf Club. Greg Harrop, Gardner had learned, was keen about golf. Gardner left the drapes open to provide an inspiring view of the first hole.

On that day Gardner, spiffy in sport shirt and slacks, served up tall iced Cokes and told Harrop about a boy who once appeared at the Gardner front door, asking to play for Utah. "He told me he averaged 30 points a game, was class valedictorian, could hook with either hand and was the fastest big man his prep coach had ever seen. I asked him if he had any weaknesses. 'Yes,' he admitted. 'I have been known to tell a lie.'" (Gardner has been searching for a new opening joke. One of his recruits heard the same story at another school last spring.)

Gardner soon had Harrop believing that there was no university like Utah. He spoke of academic standards ("basketball is second at Utah, education is first"), of Greg's future ("our interest in you will not end when you get your degree"), of the housing ("new dormitories, TV, kitchenette, laundry service—and sometimes extra-long beds for basketball players to grow into"), the fine food ("seconds all around") and the attractive schedule ("we even play in Hawaii and usually end up in one of the big postseason tournaments"). Gardner's delivery was irresistible, and when the visit was over he felt he had won his man. Then Harrop went to visit Brigham Young University and the report got back to Utah that he was going to enroll there.

Out came the white Cadillac, and Buckwalter pointed it north toward

continued

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Huntsville. They reached the small farming community at dusk and pulled up to the old, two-story red-brick house. There was a basketball hoop on the garage door. Greg's dad, Blain Harrop, said putting it up was his first official act when they moved in. Mrs. Harrop said yes, and it was a better job than he had done on anything since.

In the living room, Gardner and Buckwalter tried to review the advantages of Utah, but Greg Harrop and his younger brother Jim, 15, were more disposed to talk about how great Buckwalter had been as one of Utah's "B Boys" of 1955 and 1956. "Bunte, Bergen and Buckwalter," chirped Greg. "What a group." He said he had been following Utah teams as long as he could remember. "I guess I've always wanted to play for you," he said. A cuckoo clock broke in at this point and everybody laughed, except Gardner, who was thinking that this did not sound like a boy planning to go to Brigham Young.

Mrs. Harrop said that Greg was so dedicated to basketball that he canceled his New Year's date last year because he was in training. "The girl left a letter in the car telling him that was the end. It didn't bother him one bit. And *she* was a candidate for Miss Universe."

Gardner laughed. "If he threw Miss Universe over, then I've got nothing to worry about."

"Are the new dorms near the golf course?" Greg asked.

"You forget about golf," said Mrs. Harrop.

Jim Harrop wanted to know if there would be anybody around to tie Greg's ties for him. Buckwalter said probably not, but he was sure Greg would be popular with the girls at Utah.

"You forget about girls," said Gardner, smiling broadly.

When the Cadillac rolled back toward Salt Lake City, Gardner felt pretty secure about Greg Harrop. "You never know, though," he said thoughtfully to Buckwalter. "When *is* registration day, anyway?"

After all the phone calls and flattery, all the miles logged and all the high hopes, too often comes the letter that starts, "Dear Coach, I'm sorry but. . . ."

Registration day came to Utah on September 25, but Greg Harrop did not. He enrolled at Weber State College in Ogden because, he told a friend, "Utah is pretty sticky on academies and, frankly, I'm not so hot in the classroom." Gardner was touring the Far East for the State Department at the time and did not get the unhappy news until he returned. **END**

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASEBALL—Kansas City, going all out for power, traded first basemen with Baltimore and got JIM GENTILE in exchange for NORM SIEBERN.

BASKETBALL—Eastern leader BOSTON ran its victory streak to eight games (15 for 16 overall) and held its opponents to fewer than 100 points in the last four (while trouncing LA 114–78 and Philadelphia 112–78, the Celtics allowed the Lakers only 30 points in the first half and the 76ers 32). Jack Twyman was back with CINCINNATI after missing 14 games because of an injury, and the Royals started winning (five in a row) and scoring (they averaged 125 points a game during the streak). What's more, Jerry Lucas pulled down 31 rebounds in a 125–110 defeat of Philadelphia and two days later grabbed 33 in a 135–110 win over New York. PHILADELPHIA (3–2) beat Baltimore 115–113 on Hal Greer's last-second field goal to extend its small winning streak to four games before losing two in a row. Then the 76ers defeated New York 132–125 on Greer's 43 points (NBA high for the week) and Detroit 132–121 on Greer's 42 points. NEW YORK dropped four straight despite Bill McGill's 41 points (22 in the third period) in a 119–112 loss to the Lakers. LOS ANGELES (4–1) increased its lead in the West to 1½ games by beating second-place St. Louis 97–96 (Jerry West scored three points in the last 21 seconds) and the Royals 114–109. ST. LOUIS had moved briefly into first place after defeating the Pistons twice. Wilt Chamberlain set an NBA record when he made *18* consecutive field goals in SAN FRANCISCO's only win of the week, 118–89 over New York. BALTIMORE broke a five-game losing streak by beating the Warriors 100–99 and climbed past hapless DETROIT (six straight losses) by defeating the Pistons 120–101.

BOWLING—JIM ST. JOHN of St. Louis averaged a high 233 and led the field of 16 finalists all the way to win the $48,000 World's Invitational Match Game Tournament in Chicago. Don Carter, who had won five of the six previous tournaments, finished next to last. In the women's division MARION LADEWIG successfully defended her title.

BOXING—"I mean to continue boxing because I want my middleweight title back," said SUGAR RAY ROBINSON, 43, after winning a 10-round decision (his fourth fight in six weeks—three victories, one draw) over Frenchman André Davier, 31, in Grenoble, France.

BRIDGE—In Miami at the ACBL's Fall Nationals CHARLES GOREN captained the winning team in an event he first won 26 years ago—the Open Team board-a-match championship. It is the eighth time he has taken the title.

CROSS-COUNTRY—As expected, Canada's BRUCE KIOD regained his AAU title (won in 1961) covering the 10,000-meter course on New York's Van Cortlandt Park in 30:47.2. In the four-mile NCAA championships in East Lansing, Mich., SAN JOSE STATE's team won for the second straight year and VICTOR ZWOLAK of Villanova took the individual title in 19:35. Kansas State (Emporia) College's JOHN CAMIEN was 10 yards behind in second place, but four days later he took the NAIA championship in Omaha (20:23.7). The USTFF championships in Chicago were won collectively by the HOUSTON TRACK CLUB (four finishers in the top 10) but individually by Loyola of Chicago's TOM O'HARA, who ran over Washington Park's 10,000-meter course in 30:12.1.

FOOTBALL—NFL. CLEVELAND knocked St. Louis out of its share of first place with a surprisingly easy 34–10 victory (*see page 22*). Jimmy Brown scored two TDs and gained 179 yards running to break his single-season rushing record by 150 yards (1,527 set in 1958). Y. A. Tittle also broke a league record as he led NEW YORK to a come-from-behind 34–27 win over Dallas. Yat scored one touchdown and passed for two more to bring his career TD record to 197—one more than Bobby Layne's total. Dallas had led 27–14 at half time, but two Don Chandler field goals (one for 53 yards) tied the score, and Tittle's record-breaking pass (17 yards to Del Shofner) won the game and kept New York in a first-place tie with the Browns in the East. PITTSBURGH scored 17 points in the fourth quarter—on two *TD* passes from *Ed Brown* to Gary Ballman and a 24-yard field goal by Lou Michaels with only 40 seconds left—to tie Philadelphia 20–20 and remain in contention, 1½ games behind. CHICAGO trailed Minnesota 17–3 at the half, but a Viking fumble set up a last-period score and gave the Bears a 17–17 tie. Chicago kept its half-game lead in the Western Division, however, since Detroit played GREEN BAY to a 13–13 tie. BALTIMORE beat Washington 36–20 as Johnny Unitas had his best day of the season (24 completions for 355 yards, including three TDs), and LOS ANGELES edged San Francisco 21–17. It was the Rams' third straight win and their fifth in seven games since Roman Gabriel took over as starting quarterback.

AFL. Western Division leader SAN DIEGO humiliated Houston, the top team in the East, with a 27–0 shutout. OAKLAND, trying desperately to catch the Chargers, crushed last-place Denver 26–10 by scoring 24 points in the last half. The Broncos had led 3–2 at half time on Gene Mingo's 52-yard field goal. Babe Parilli passed for one TD and ran for another as BOSTON defeated Buffalo 17–7, to move into a tie with Houston for the Eastern lead. NEW YORK climbed past the Bills into third place, only a half game out of first, by shutting out Kansas City 17–0.

COLLEGE. ROGER STAUBACH (S1, Dec. 2), the U.S. Naval Academy's junior quarterback, overwhelmingly won the Heisman Trophy to become the second Navy player in four years (Joe Bellino, 1960) and only the fourth junior in history (Doc Blanchard, 1945; Doak Walker, 1948; and Vic Janowicz, 1950) to win the award.

The HAMILTON TIGER-CATS defeated the British Columbia Lions 21–10 in the Grey Cup, Canada's pro championship game, in Vancouver, B.C., as Bernie Faloney completed 14 of 20 passes for 272 yards and two TDs (one 70 yards).

HARNESS RACING—RALPH BALDWIN, driver and trainer for Castleton Farm (Speedy Scot), was the leading money winner on the 1963 Grand Circuit, with earnings of $299,899.

HOCKEY—CHICAGO won seven straight games before being held to a 3–3 tie by the Rangers. Glenn Hall's shutout (2–0) of Toronto was his third of the season—all against the Maple Leafs. MONTREAL won two and tied the Bruins 0–0 (Charlie Hodge's first shutout and Ed Johnston's second) to regain second place, one point ahead of faltering TORONTO (1–1–1) but 10 behind the Black Hawks. NEW York, with Jacques Plante back in the net, ran its unbeaten streak to four games before losing two and tying one, but with DETROIT gaining only a tie in four games, the Rangers climbed into a share of fourth with the Red Wings. Before tying the Canadiens, BOSTON defeated New York 5–3 for its longest unbeaten streak of the season—two games. Then Montreal beat the Bruins 3–1 and spoiled all the fun.

HORSE RACING—This year's best 3-year-old filly, LAMB CHOP ($2.60), with Manuel Ycaza up and carrying top weight of 126 pounds, easily won the Firenze Handicap at Aqueduct by two lengths.

POCKET BILLIARDS—Defending Champion LUTHER LASSITER of Elizabeth City, N.C. outshot Eddie (Knoxville Bear) Taylor to win the World's All-Round title in Johnson City, Ill.

RODEO—DEAN OLIVER of Boise, Idaho, the national calf-roping champion, won the 1963 all-round cowboy championship at the six-day National Finals in Los Angeles. BILL KORNELL, 19, of Palm Springs, Calif. earned the bull-riding championship in his first year on the circuit and was named Rodeo Rookie of the Year.

TENNIS—CLIFF RICHEY of Dallas beat Lamar Roemer 6–4, 11–9, 6–3 to win the national indoor junior championship in St. Louis.

MILEPOSTS—DIED. LEE WALLARD, 52, the first man to win the Indianapolis 500 in less than four hours (3:57:38.05 in 1951), of a heart ailment in a St. Petersburg (Fla.) hospital.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

8 Tony Trabo...25 ...43—Tony Trabo; 44, 48—Pa... 51—Russ Halford; 52—Rich Clarke...69—...ham Newt; 70—UPI; 76—Illustra...Inc.; 78—Phil Bath; 81—Frank Za... 97—M... Herald; Herb Carleton; B. A. H... 103—She... Hershorn-Black Star.

FACES IN THE CROWD

DON DELMONICO, 29, a Miami fireman who has been skin diving for 18 years, captained the three-man U.S. spearfishing team to victory over 15 other teams in the two-day International Spearfishing and Trolling tournament in Bonaire, Netherlands Antilles.

MICHELE MONNIER, 19, of San Francisco, who was toddling on ice skates almost as soon as she could walk and won the Pacific Coast juvenile figure-skating championship at 12, successfully defended her Central Pacific senior ladies' title in Berkeley, Calif.

PAUL GOODE of Columbus, Ohio was the top performer at the National Truck Roadeo in Miami Beach. He won the four-axle tractor-trailer title, plus trophies for all-round performance and the best safety record (1¼ million miles in 17 years) among the winners.

JIM DILL, 19, left forward for Trenton (N.J.) Junior College's soccer team, kicked a 40-yard goal in a sudden-death overtime period against Mitchell College of New London, Conn., to win both the game (4–3) and the national junior college championship.

JON HUSS, 17, fullback for Van Nuys (Calif.) High, led his team to the East Valley League title with a seven-game season total of 14 TDs and 902 yards in 149 carries. In a 46–12 rout of North Hollywood he ran 276 yards for five TDs (including a 99-yarder).

LOTHAR CLAESGES, 21, of Krefeld, West Germany, who has competed on bicycles for seven years, set a world record in the 1,000-meter indoor amateur sprint of 1:08.74 in Berlin. He looks forward to the Tokyo Olympics as "the greatest chance of my life."

19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

BLOOD, SWEAT AND UNIFORMS

Sirs:

May I be the first to commend Rex Lardner for his informative story relating the pressing research on football gear conducted under the direction of Dr. Donald K. Mathews of OSU (*The Uniform Can Be a Death Trap*, Nov. 25). My suggestion would be to reprint this article and to assign it to all high school and college coaches for distribution among the players. Their timely suggestions may well prevent any more of these needless deaths, provoked by objectionable methods of training.

JON W. HOAG III

Georgetown, Ky.

Sirs:

Your staff, especially Gay Flood and Rex Lardner, is to be congratulated for reporting with such clarity and accuracy.

DONALD K. MATHEWS
Ohio State University

Columbus, Ohio

OLD AND SWEET

Sirs:

Huston Horn's article, *New Sugar in an Old State* (Nov. 18), was fine in all but one respect. Not to have recognized Vermont's third largest ski area, Killington, was a gross oversight.

Six ski areas in Vermont have an unusual relationship with the state. The foresightedness of Vermont's Department of Forests and Parks has encouraged private investment at Killington and other ski locations through long-term property leases. As a result, the state received $50,000 in fees last season from Killington alone. Private capital has invested more than $3.5 million in the area in five years of development.

On a more immediate economic scene, Killington will employ 205 local people this winter, overshadowing last year's payroll of $250,000. In addition, 55 area ski lodges and motels and many allied businesses will again operate at capacity because of the development's attractiveness to winter patrons. Last year these same enterprises grossed over $3 million because of the impact of this area's phenomenal growth.

ROBERT H. PERRY

New York City

Sirs:

Your article on the Tyrol (*Olympic Winter in the Tyrol*, Nov. 25) states, "Here one may get the feeling that skiing is very old—

until its brief 40 years are measured against Tyrolean antiquities" like a 12th century castle.

Forty years, indeed! The oldest pair of skis found in Finland are 4,000 years old —yes, 4,000 years old. And as far back as 1858 ski races in Scandinavia have drawn crowds of 30,000 spectators.

The Middle European hotelkeeping racket that has been sold to Americans as skiing is nothing more than a vaudeville show outdoors. Skiing is a means of transportation nearly as old as running or swimming.

The so-called Alpine events should not even be called skiing. They would be more correctly labeled as acrobatics and stunts in snow. The only events that should be dignified with the name of skiing should be the Nordic events. Let the yodeling waiters turn their somersaults in the circus, where they belong!

Anyway, that was a stupid statement about skiing being 40 years old.

J. R. JOHNSON

Los Angeles

ADVANTAGE SNOW

Sirs:

Your description of the ruggedness of the Connecticut platform tennis players amused me (*It's Wintertime, So Let's Play Tennis*, Nov. 18). After introducing paddle tennis to Mr. F. W. Wilson of Montreal and Magog, Quebec, my husband and I often found ourselves playing in temperatures as low as 20° below zero and at night. Since the intense cold froze the sponge balls hard as rock in very short order, Mr. Wilson invented a heated box that thawed hard ones and kept a heated supply ready.

The Canadians are rugged beyond belief!

CLAIRE ANNE PULRANG

Plattsburgh, N.Y.

Sirs:

As president of the American Platform Tennis Association, I am writing to express our appreciation for your fine article, which, I'm sure, will cause many tennis players to *want to try platform tennis once the snow* flies. We invite them to write this association care of me at 55 Church Street, White Plains, N.Y. for further information.

As a perpetual tribute to the memory of Fessenden Blanchard, the co-founder of our game, the Board of Governors of the APTA and of the Fox Meadow Tennis Club have established The Fessenden S. Blanchard Memorial Fund. Donations will be gratefully received.

PAUL G. SULLIVAN

White Plains, N.Y.

HOW ABOUT HOWE?

Sirs:

I strongly suspect that the Sportsman of the Year as chosen by SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will be Jimmy Brown, Sandy Koufax or possibly a pro golfer. Any of these would be

continued

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excellent, as would Warren Spahn or Bob Cousy. However, how about an athlete who has lasted longer than any other in a sport requiring a fantastic amount of durability and coordination and even now continues to be the most feared competitor in his sport? If you haven't guessed to whom I refer, it is only because ice hockey doesn't receive the amount of publicity to which it is entitled. How about a Grecian urn for Gordie Howe?

CHARLES E. HOKE

Huntington Woods, Mich.

PUDEL POINT

Sirs:

Your very interesting article on the pudelpointer (*Not Poodle, Not Pointer, but Both Dogs in One*, Nov. 18) has answered many questions about this new breed. I have heard rumors about it for quite a while and this is the first bit of solid information other than the standard accepted by the Canadian Kennel Club.

Such an article will no doubt interest many Americans in the breed and prompt them to buy pudelpointers. These people should be aware, however, that although most of the dogs registered with the Canadian Livestock Registry (the actual registering body) are registrable with the American Kennel Club, a few are not acceptable. Among these few not recognized by the AKC are the pudelpointer, drever, Eskimo and some Belgian sheep dogs. Several other breeds recognized by the Canadian Kennel Club are not registered by the AKC but are allowed "listing" privileges and shown in a miscellaneous class. These listed dogs are breeds that are being considered for acceptability for the AKC's requirements for pure breeding. The pudelpointer is not eligible for this listing.

DOROTHY B. HOLLISTER

Middleville, Mich.

MASQUERADE

Sirs:

Isn't a man innocent until proven guilty?

Your full-page picture of Tommy Neville and Mississippi State friends tackling Auburn Quarterback Jimmy Sidle (*The Upstarts Hit Judgment Day*, Nov. 18) does not show Neville grasping Sidle's face mask. Neville's hand is definitely across Sidle's face, but I cannot see any clear indication that he is holding the face mask. The roughness of the tackle is obvious, but the "illegal grip" is not.

Your accusation casts the stigma of dirty tactics upon a game that was cleanly played.

V. THOMAS RHYNE

Newport News, Va.

Sirs:

We here at Mississippi State greatly appreciate your coverage of the game with Auburn that was played last Saturday afternoon in

continued

YESTERDAY

A Big Game for the Old Man of the Bears

Bronko Nagurski had come out of retirement in 1943 to play tackle, but it was his running one day that helped Chicago win a title

by WILLIAM GOLDMAN

In 1943 everything was scarce—beef, tin and football tackles, too. So George Halas lured the old man down from International Falls as a defensive replacement. It made a nice story for the dailies, and it thrilled me, for though I had never seen him I was a Chicago Bear fan and he had been the greatest Bear of all—the legendary Bronko Nagurski. I was 10 then, so legends came easy.

The season began, and he played tackle as advertised—well enough, I suppose, *and the Bears did well enough, too, but* they were expected to win (it was *that* era) and win easily. But they were not winning easily. The last game of the season was against the old Chicago Cardinals, and the Bears had to win it. If they did, they would be division champions. There were rumors before the game that Nagurski might play fullback, but for part of the first half he played tackle. It was not for Bear fans, that first half. The Cardinals were splendid; not so our side, and at the end of the third quarter the score was 24-14 against the Bears.

I was fumbling through my program when the sound began.

"Bronko," the sound said, "Bronko."

And as he moved slowly from the bench into the offensive backfield, the sound grew louder and louder. The man to my left yelled at me, "Now you'll see something—you wait—now you'll see," and I nodded and smiled, because I never wanted to see something so much in my life. Nagurski joined the huddle, and when the Bears broke and approached the line the sound abruptly died.

" 'Course, he's old," the man to my left muttered. "You gotta remember *that. But even if he does badly, he was* the best."

"He won't," I said. "He won't!"

"He's awful old," the man said.

Sid Luckman was quarterback. That is a statement of fact. All the others—Ceeil Isbell, Bob Waterfield, even Sammy Baugh—they only *played* quarterback. And in all the years that I watched him Luckman called only one stupid play, and this was that play. Because everyone knew the ball was going to Nagurski, everyone was ready for it, particularly the Cardinals. He should have tried a pass, old Sidney, or a halfback around the end—anything but the obvious. But no. The ball was snapped, and he turned and he gave it to the

continued

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The Old Man *continued*

Bronk, and no hole opened. So there he was, Nagurski with the ball, Nagurski at the line of scrimmage, with only the Cardinals for company. They met him, caught him, lifted him high in the air.

Furious, I looked away.

I hated the Cardinals for smearing him, and I hated Luckman for turning suddenly stupid after all those years, and I hated Halas for sending the old man in to play. But most of all I hated the old man for playing. What right did he have, doing this to me? Wasn't I a worshiper? Didn't I blindly believe? Hadn't I treasured the legend? Nagurski in college, considered for All-America at both tackle and fullback. Nagurski the pro, leading the Bears to an undefeated season in 1934, blocking so fiercely for Halfback Beattie Feathers that Feathers swept around end for 1,004 yards in 117 carries; Nagurski breaking into tears late in a game after his fumble had put the Bears behind with only seconds left to play and begging in the huddle for one last chance to carry the ball, and then, tears streaming down his face, running 75 yards through the mud for the winning touchdown as the final gun sounded. Oh, I knew the legend, all right, but that legend had been born in the '20s, reached full size in the middle '30s and it was the '40s now, and I hated him for mocking it, destroying it before my eyes, for making me a fool.

I looked back on the field, and he had gained four yards.

I wasn't quite sure how, but evidently his weight had been too much and the Cardinals had fallen backward, carrying him with them as they dropped, tangled, to the ground. Nagurski finally stood up and shook himself once before rejoining the huddle. It was second and six. That wasn't so bad. You couldn't complain about second and six. "Well," I said to the man on my left. "Shut up," he told me. I did.

Then it began.

There is a special way that a skilled woodsman attacks a tree. He works, it appears, without effort, and when he swings his ax, he swings it slowly, so slowly that there is a moment, as metal touches wood, when it almost seems as though the wood stands a chance; as though the ax, instead of cutting, might bounce away.

So it was as the old man attacked the Cardinal line. He worked, it seemed, without effort. And when he ran, he ran slowly. And when he met the line there was that moment when it almost seemed that the line stood a chance, that the old man might bounce. He didn't, of course. For the Cardinals parted, and the old man battered through, lunging into the secondary, going down after five or six or seven yards beneath that many men. Always it went that way. Time after time, Luckman gave him the ball, and time after time he met the line and the line held for a moment, but then, because they had to, they parted, letting the old man through.

The Bears marched slowly down the field. There was almost quiet in the stands. Occasionally I would look at the man on my left and we would nod, and once I said, "He's very good, Nagurski," and the man said, "Yes." We both knew he was more than very good —he was inevitable.

A powerful legend

Again and again the old man gained. Nothing subtle about him, nothing cute —no cuts, no hip fakes—just power. Just legend trying to get along. The Cardinals dropped him on their 11 and waited, kneeling at the scrimmage line. This time as he charged them they dropped him at the eight, and the play should have been over then. But it wasn't. The old man started to crawl. Clutching the ball, he crawled forward—from the eight to the seven to the six to the five to the three. At the one-yard line they all jumped on top and they stopped him. They piled off wearily now as the old man stood, shook himself and went back to the huddle.

The Cardinals dug in, slapping each other, shouting, building up confidence as they bunched at the center of the scrimmage line, waiting for him, for Nagurski. And he came, and they tried, holding him for that moment before they parted, and he was through, free and clear in the end zone.

After that it wasn't much of a game. The Bears won 35–24, but I doubt that anyone, even the most devout Cardinal fan, was offended. Because Nagurski had performed for us. And for me, at least, he had done a good deal more than perform. He had given me a buffer, mine for the using whenever Spahn blunders or Sugar Ray falls. It isn't easy, being a sports fan; we nurture them, we build them up with care and then the quick young men always betray us. They slow, they age, they cause us pain. But not Nagurski. Not old Bronko. Not then, on that good day. **END**

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Jackson, Miss. However, I would like to say that I did not take hold of Sidle's face mask.

If you will notice, the position of my fingers is down. To have had a grip on the face mask they would have had to be turned to the side. Also his helmet would be pulled over to the left side of his head, which it clearly is not. In trying to tackle him my arm went across his head. My fist was closed, and I was pulling him down, but not by his face bar. The game officials did not call a penalty on the play.

TOMMY NEVILLE

State College, Miss.

TOMMY NEVILLE (70) AND OPPONENT

KINGS FOR A FEE

Sirs:

I have a new ambition: to shout "Fore!" at the King of Malaya (*The East Succumbs to a Western Craze*, Nov. 25). Can an ordinary tourist get to play the course Alfred Wright describes, and how much does it cost?

MICHAEL TIPPETT

Denver

● The Royal Selangor Golf Club in Kuala Lumpur welcomes tourists who produce a membership card from a club at home. Greens fees are $1.70 for a day's play, caddie fees 70¢ for 18 holes. The Singapore Island Country Club has three 18-hole courses, and tourists can play either as guests for the day (greens fees similar to those in K.L.) or as visiting members on a weekly basis ($5). Bangkok hotels will make arrangements for play at the Royal Bangkok Sports Club. The Royal Hong Kong Golf Club in Fanling is open to visitors introduced by the Hong Kong Tourist Association or by a letter from the secretary of any reputable club. Tokyo is more tricky: arrangements must be made at least two weeks in advance through Asahi Golf Associates, Shin Otemachi Bldg., Tokyo. Greens fees are about $10, caddie fees about $1.—ED.

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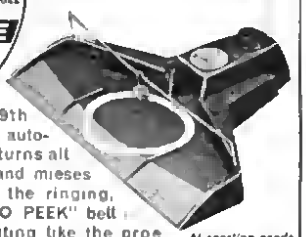

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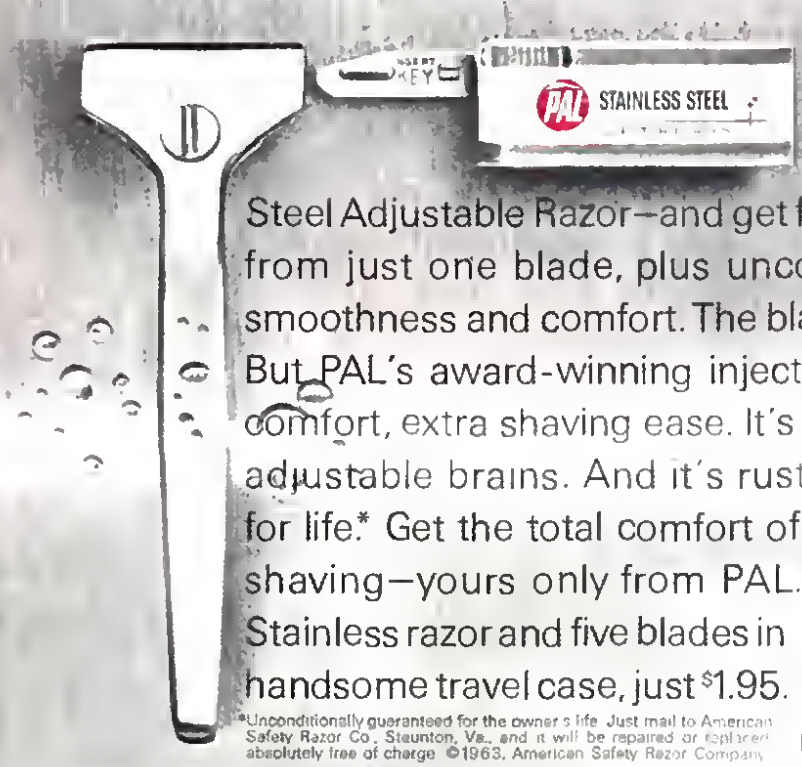

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